

NOVEMBER...Nº 15

CAT-MAN

"AMERICA'S MOST THRILLING, FAST-ACTION, ADVENTURE STORIES!"

Comics

10¢



The
**'RAJAH
of
DESTRUCTION'**
Starring the
CAT-MAN
and the
KITTEN

CHAS. M. QUINLAN

Don't
Miss
The
Sensational
**PERSONAL
ADVENTURE**

Section!

00... also "BLACKOUT"... "LITTLE LEADERS" and OTHERS!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THE CAT-MAN

and
The KITTEN

BY
CHAS. M.
QUINLAN



THIS IS A STRANGE WEIRD TALE THAT OPENS IN THE OFFICE OF AN AGED DOCTOR. ALTHOUGH HIS MANY YEARS OF PRACTICE HAVE BEEN DEDICATED TO AIDING SUFFERING HUMANITY, HE NOW SITS ALONE AND FORGOTTEN. A VICTIM OF THE WHIMS OF DESTINY.

..SADLY HIS WEARY BRAIN PONDERES OVER THE LITTER FUTILITY OF A LONG AND UNAPPRECIATED LIFE OF SACRIFICE!

THEY CANT DO THIS TO ME! I GAVE THEM THE FRUITS OF ALL MY SKILL AND RESEARCH...AND NOW THAT I AM OLD AND POOR, THEY SHUN ME... DR. GAUNT--THATS WHAT THEY CALL ME NOW-- THEYVE EVEN FORGOTTEN MY REAL NAME!

LIKE A FLASH, SOMETHING SNAPS IN THE AGED DOCTOR'S BRAIN!

BUT, I'LL SHOW THEM!... IF I COULD NOT BE GREAT BY HELPING THEM-- THEN I SHALL WIN FAME BY HURTING THEM! HA! HA--HA--HA--HA!

THUS OUT OF THE MAELSTROM OF A TORTURED SOUL, AND THE PERFDY OF MEN--A MONSTER IS BORN!

AND THEN-

A comic book illustration of a man in a top hat and cape standing in a doorway, looking out at a full moon. The man is wearing a dark top hat, a dark cape, and a green suit. He is standing in a doorway, looking out at a full moon. The doorway is orange, and the background is blue with a full moon. The man's cape is flowing behind him. The illustration is in a classic comic book style with bold lines and a limited color palette.

A man with a wide, toothy grin, wearing a yellow straw hat and a red shirt, holds a newspaper high above his head. The newspaper's headline reads "LOCAL BANKER BRUTALLY MURDERED!!! ROBBERY BELIEVED MOTIVE". Below this, it says "CRYPTIC NOTE ONLY CLUE TO SLAYERS' TRAIL!". A small photo of a man is visible on the paper. To the left, a man in a brown hat and suit looks on. To the right, a man in a blue hat and yellow shirt looks on. The background is a simple, stylized landscape with a yellow sky and a green ground.

TWICE HE
DIED...NOW
HIS DEBT IS
FOR BUT ONE!

DON'T MEAN NOthin'.
MAYBE NOT TO YOU, BUT
TO ME IT SORT OF ES-
-TABLISHES THE
MOTIVE AS
REVENGE!

2

MEANWHILE, 200 MILES AWAY AT TIMES SQUARE IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK--!

GEE, UNCLE DAVID, THIS IS CERTAINLY A MARVELOUS CITY, BUT THERE DON'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING FOR THE CAT-MAN AND THE KITTEN TO DO BUT GO SIGHT-SEEING!

FUNNY, BUT I HAVE BEEN FEELING THE SAME WAY, MYSELF FOR THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS!



GOSH, I WOULDN'T GIVE TWO CENTS FOR OUR CHANCES OF HAVING ANY EXCITEMENT AROUND HERE!

GOLLY UNCLE DAVID, THAT'S AN IDEA--LET'S SPEND THAT TWO CENTS FOR AN OUT-OF-TOWN NEWSPAPER--THERE MAY BE AN UNUSUAL MYSTERY GOING ON SOMEWHERE ELSE THAT WE CAN TIE INTO!



KATIE, I REALLY THINK YOU HAVE SOMETHING THERE-- BUT WHERE IS THAT STAND WHERE THEY SELL THEM-- WAIT, LET'S ASK THAT MAN OVER THERE--HE'D PROBABLY KNOW WHERE IT IS!



PARDON ME, BUT COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE I COULD GET AN OUT OF TOWN NEWSPAPER?

WHY, CERTAINLY LIEUT. MERRY-WETHER--THE STAND IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER THERE-- I HOPE YOU FIND WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR--GOOD LUCK, CAT-MAN!



SAY, HE CALLED ME BY MY RIGHT NAME, HE MUST KNOW ME!



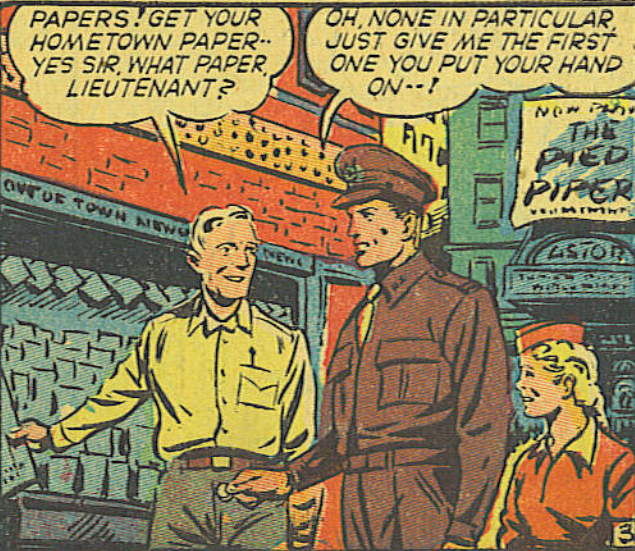
I'LL SAY HE DOES--DIDN'T YOU RECOGNIZE HIM, HE IS---

WAIT, I KNOW--SURE, IT WAS CHAS. M. QUINLAN HIMSELF, THE MAN WHO WRITES THIS STRIP AND DRAWS THE PICTURES--WELL I'LL BE--C'MON LET'S GET THAT PAPER!



PAPERS! GET YOUR HOMETOWN PAPER--YES SIR, WHAT PAPER, LIEUTENANT?

OH, NONE IN PARTICULAR, JUST GIVE ME THE FIRST ONE YOU PUT YOUR HAND ON--!



HM! THE CENTRE TOWN EXPRESS.
WOW, KATIE, GET A LOAD OF THESE
HEADLINES. "BANKER MURDERED
AND ROBBED-MYSTERIOUS CRYPTIC
NOTE ONLY CLUE TO CULPRIT-POLICE
BAFFLED?" LET'S GO, KITTEN, WE'RE
OFF TO CENTRE TOWN!



MEANWHILE, IN CENTRE TOWN THE DEMENTED "DR. GRANT" RECEIVES SOME UNEXPECTED CALLERS--!

THEY CAN'T BE THE POLICE--
THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE POLICEMEN--
PATIENTS--THAT'S WHAT THEY ARE--
THE FIRST IN FIVE YEARS--I MUST
LET THEM IN--!



HELLO--YOU DR. GRANT--
WE WANT A SEE DR. GRANT--
OUR PAL HERE AIN'T FEELING
SO FRISKY--

YES, I'M DR. GRANT.
COME IN, GENTLEMEN,
COME IN--I'LL BE
WITH YOU IN A
SECOND?

AS DR. GRANT PREPARES TO EXAMINE HIS
NEW PATIENT, THE MEN WHISPER RAPIDLY
AMONG THEMSELVES!



DERE'S SOMEFIN'
SCREWY HERE GUYS
DIS BIRD DON'T
LOOK LIKE DE
MUG WE SEEN!

SH, HERE HE COMES!
I'LL DO DE TALKIN'!



WELL, NOW WHAT
SEEMS TO BE THE
MATTER WITH YOU?

GIT YOUR PAWS
UP DOC--DERE
AIN'T NUTTIN' DE
MATTER WIT
HIM--YOU'RE DE
ONE DAT NEEDS
A TREATMENT!



A GUN? WHAT IS
THE MEANING OF
THIS?

WELL, DOC, ME AND ME
PALS FEELS DAT YOU
OWE US SOME OF DAT
DOUGH YA' HOOKED WHEN
YA CROAKED DAT BANKER
AND WE CAME TO COLLECT!



DISPLAYING A SUDDEN SURGE OF STRENGTH UNBELIEVABLE IN A MAN SO OLD, THE WILY DOCTOR HURLS HIS CAPTORS FROM HIM --!

TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF ME!



STAY WHERE YOU ARE, DOC, OR I'LL SHOOT!

PUT DOWN THAT GUN!



THE OLD DOCTOR'S EYES GLARE HYPNOTICALLY AT THE COWERING THUG!

DID YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID-- DROP THAT GUN!



AH, THAT'S BETTER-- NOW I SEE WE BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER-- SIT DOWN, ALL OF YOU!



YOU KNOW GENTLEMEN, YOUR PRESENCE HERE HAS SORT OF GIVEN ME AN IDEA--YES, A MARVELOUS IDEA, BUT FIRST I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU FOUND OUT THAT IT WAS I WHO DONE AWAY WITH BANKER RICHER?



MEANWHILE, THE CHIEF OF POLICE AT CENTRE TOWN HAS AN UNUSUAL VISITOR--

AND IN MY CAPACITY AS A SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR, I'M SURE I CAN CRACK THIS CASE FOR YOU IN VERY SHORT ORDER!

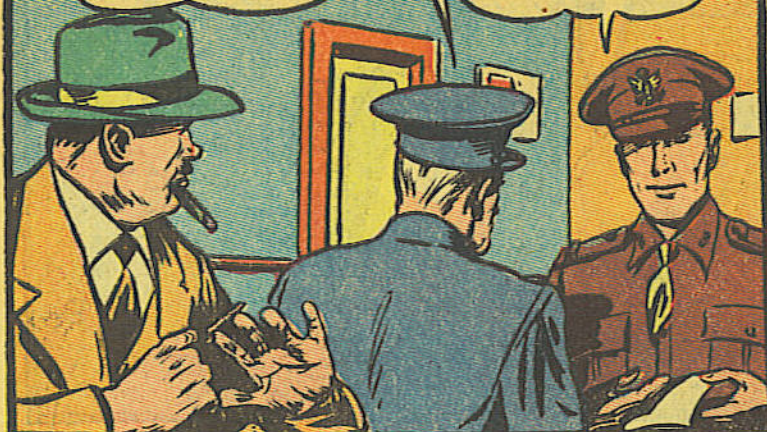
OKAY, LIEUT. MERRYWETHER, BUT I WARN YOU, IT'S A TOUGH ONE--THIS NOTE IS THE ONLY CLUE--THE DOUGH IS GONE, AND NO MARKS OF VIOLENCE ON THE VICTIM!



AND TO MAKE IT TOUGHER, HE HAD NO ENEMIES-- THE SAFE HAD BEEN OPENED BY HIM-SELF, AND THE NOTE HAD NO FINGERPRINTS!

OF COURSE, IT IS JUST POSSIBLE THAT YOU MAY HAVE OVER-LOOKED A FEW CLUES-- HMM--

LISTEN, LIEUTENANT, I WENT OVER THAT JOINT PERSONALLY, AND IF I MISSED ANYTHING, IT WAS JUST BECAUSE IT WASN'T THERE, SEE?



NOW, NOW, SERGEANT-- DON'T GET EXCITED, I'M NOT QUESTIONING YOUR EFFICIENCY-- I ONLY-- MEAN-- TO -- (SNIFF) SAY (SNIFF-SNIFF) THAT SOME PEOPLE'S SENSES ARE A MUCH HIGHER DEVELOPED (SNIFF) THAN OTHERS ---

MEANING YOUR'S, I SUPPOSE?

YES, FOR EXAMPLE, I THINK I ALREADY KNOW THE PROFESSION OF THE PERSON WHO WROTE THIS NOTE!



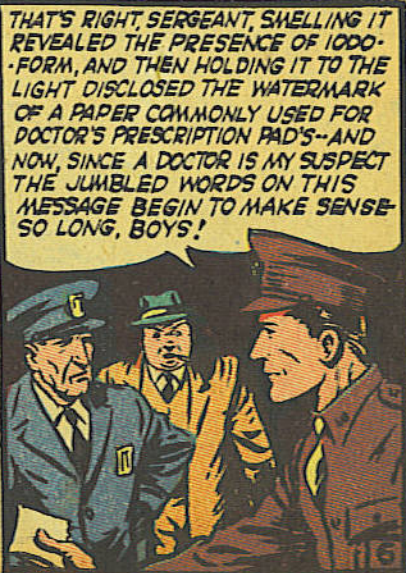
THE CAT-MAN'S SUPER-KEEN SENSE OF SMELL DETECTS AN ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE ODOR OF IODOFORM ADHERING TO THE STRANGE NOTE--
*AN ANTISEPTIC DISINFECTANT!



YES, THE PERSON WHO CAUSED THE DEATH OF BANKER RICHER WAS PROBABLY A DOCTOR!

HA-HA-- HO, HO, HO THAT'S A HOT ONE-- HE SMELLS IT, HOLDS IT TO THE LIGHT, AND HE KNOWS WHO WROTE THE CRAZY WORDS ON THE NOTE?

THAT'S RIGHT, SERGEANT, SMELLING IT REVEALED THE PRESENCE OF IODOFORM, AND THEN HOLDING IT TO THE LIGHT DISCLOSED THE WATERMARK OF A PAPER COMMONLY USED FOR DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION PAD'S-- AND NOW, SINCE A DOCTOR IS MY SUSPECT THE JUMBLED WORDS ON THIS MESSAGE BEGIN TO MAKE SENSE-- SO LONG, BOYS!



MEANWHILE,
AT THE
HOME OF
THE INSANE
"DR. GAUNT,"
THE
VILLIANOUS
TRIO HAS TOLD
HIM HOW THEY
DISCOVERED
THAT HE
WAS THE
MURDERER OF
BANKER
RICHER!

SO YOU WENT THERE TO ROB HIM
YOURSELVES, EH?--AND WHILE
WATCHING FROM A WINDOW YOU
SEEN THE WHOLE THING, THEN
WHEN I LEFT, YOU FOLLOWED
ME HERE AND DECIDED TO RE-
TURN THE FOLLOWING DAY AND
TAKE THE LOOT AWAY FROM
ME--HM, VERY CLEVER!

THAT'S RIGHT, DOC--BUT NOW WHAT
WE WANTA KNOW IS HOW DID YOU
KILL HIM?

YOU WOULD LIKE TO
KNOW THAT, WOULDN'T
YOU--I TOLD YOU
YOUR PRESENCE
HERE GAVE ME AN
IDEA, AND HERE
IT IS!

YOU ARE GOING TO
BE MEMBERS OF
MY ORGANIZATION,
THE GREATEST CRIM-
INAL COMBINE
EVER FORMED!

NUTHIN' DOIN'--WE
WORK ALONE? GIVE
US OUR DOUGH OR
WE'LL TAKE IT!

NO YOU WON'T--
AND YOU WILL JOIN
MY ENTERPRISE
OR ELSE I'LL HAVE
TO KILL YOU ALL IN
MY OWN UNUSUAL
WAY, NOW!

NO, NO BOSS,
OKAY, WE'LL
JOIN--

AH! THAT'S BETTER,
NOW I'LL TELL YOU
WHO IS NEXT TO
GET A PRESCRIPTION
OF DEATH FROM DR.
GAUNT! HE, HE, HE-
HUH, WHAT'S THAT?
SOMEONE'S AT
THE DOOR!

IT IS LIEUTENANT
MERRYWETHER, THE
CAT-MAN, MAKING
A CHECK-UP ON ALL
THE DOCTORS WITH-
IN THE VICINITY
OF CENTRE
TOWN!

KEEP OUT OF
SIGHT, KATIE,
AND BE READY
FOR ANYTHING,
EVEN THIS
ONE MAY
BE HIM!

IT'S AN ARMY OFFICER,
HIDE IN THE LABORA-
TORY-- I'LL SEE WHAT
HE WANTS!



I'M LIEUTENANT MERRYWETHER,
I AM MAKING A SURVEY OF
THE DOCTORS HERE IN CENTRE
TOWN, MAY I COME IN?



WELL, I'M KIND
OF BUSY, BUT
ALLRIGHT, I GUESS
I CAN SPARE A
FEW MINUTES--

GO AHEAD, I'M READY,
WHAT DO YOU WANT
TO KNOW?



SHUCKS!-- I MUST
HAVE LEFT MY NOTE
BOOK AT DR. BURNS'
OFFICE-- HAVE YOU A
PAD OR SOMETHING
I COULD USE?

HERE'S MY PRESCRIPTION
BLANK-- WOULD THAT BE
SATISFACTORY?

THANK YOU,
YES, THAT WILL
BE PERFECT!



HMM!

TAKING THE PAD, THE
CAT-MAN REMOVES THE
CRYPTIC NOTE FROM
HIS POCKET AND
FITS THE TORN EDGES
TO THOSE ON THE PAD!

HEY! WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?



VERY CARELESS OF YOU
DOCTOR THE TORN EDGES
ON THIS PAD AND THIS
NOTE FOUND NEAR THE
BODY OF BANKER RICH-
ER ARE THE EVIDENCE
THAT WILL SENT YOU
TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

HELP! GET
HIM, MEN!



WHAT THE--
OWWWW--?

BOP!



GOOD! VERY GOOD--THOSE STRONG
ARM METHODS MAY PROVE VALU-
ABLE AFTER ALL!



BUT OUTSIDE, THE KITTEN HAS BEEN WATCHING AND HAS SEEN THE CAT-MAN FALL UNDER THE FOUL BLOW--?

GEE, THEY SLUGGED UNCLE DAVID-- I BETTER ACT FAST!



QUICKLY CHANGING INTO THE GARB OF THE KITTEN, SHE FINDS AN OPEN CELLAR WINDOW AND SLIPS INSIDE!



COME ON, PICK HIM UP AND FOLLOW ME--I HAVE A ROOM IN THE CELLAR THAT WILL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM!



ALLRIGHT PUT HIM IN HERE!

GEE, BOSS, DIS IS KINDA FANCY! IT AIN'T NO COAL BIN, IS IT?



INDEED IT IS NOT! IT'S A GAS CHAMBER!



AND NOW WE WON'T BE BOTHERED WITH HIM ANYMORE!

BUT WHAT DO WE DO WITH THE BODY?



IN THIS CASE THERE WILL BE NO BODY-- THIS IS A SPECIAL GAS OF MY OWN INVENTION THAT DISINTEGRATES IT INTO DUST! HEH, HEH, HEH!



AS SOON AS THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THE HEARTLESS CRIMINALS, THE KITTEN DASHES FROM HER PLACE OF CONCEALMENT, TURNS OFF THE GAS, AND DRAGS THE UNCONSCIOUS CAT-MAN TO SAFETY--!

GEE, HE'S STILL OUT COLD-- I GUESS IT'S UP TO ME NOW!



AS THE KITTEN DASHES UP THE CELLAR STAIRS, THE CATMAN REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.



WOW! WHA! HIT ME? OH YEAH! HE CALLED FOR HELP AND HE MUST HAVE GOT IT! HE'S GOT A GANG EH! LET'S GO CAT-MAN

NOW THAT THAT SNOOPER IS OUT OF THE WAY I HAD BETTER DESTROY THESE RIGHT NOW!



OH BOY! THE WAY HE'S STANDING IS JUST MADE TO ORDER! HERE I GO!



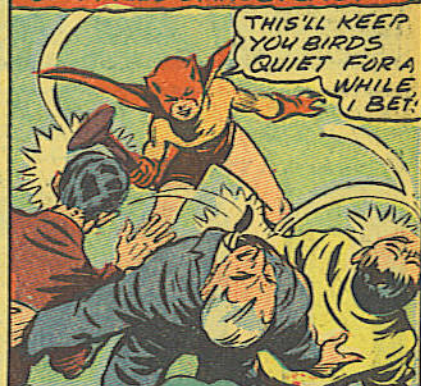
FLINGING THE DOOR OPEN SUDDENLY, THE KITTEN LEAPS FEET-FIRST AT THE CENTER OF THE MAD DOCTOR'S BACK!



STRIKE! JUST LIKE IN A BOWLING ALLEY!

OW!

GRABBING UP A HEAVY CANDLE-STICK, SHE POUNCES ON THE SPRAWLED GANGSTERS!

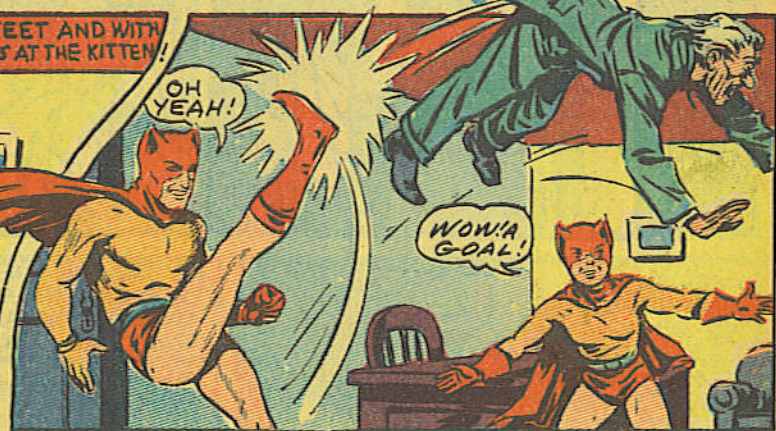


THIS'LL KEEP YOU BIRDS QUIET FOR A WHILE, I BET!

BUT THE WILY DR. REGAINS HIS FEET AND WITH A MURDEROUS GLINT IN HIS EYES, LEAPS AT THE KITTEN!



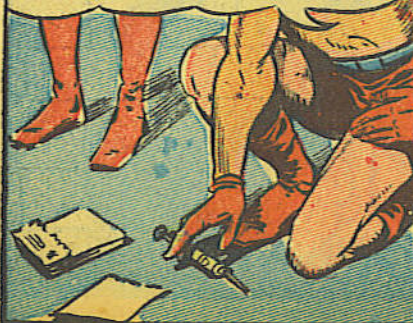
YAH! ANOTHER SNOOPER EH! I'LL FIX YOU! HAH-HA!



OH YEAH!

WOW! A GOAL!

LOOK KITTEN, THE EVIDENCE IS STILL HERE AND SAY! HERE'S THE DOC'S MURDER WEAPON!



HELLO, CHIEF OF POLICE? LIEUT. MERRYWETHER TALKING. SEND A SQUAD OUT HERE TO PICK UP YOUR MURDERER AND HIS GANG. YOU'LL FIND ALL THE EVIDENCE AND THE MURDER WEAPON, A HYPO NEEDLE ON THE DESK! YES, DR. GRANT KILLED BANKER RICHER BY INJECTING A BUBBLE OF AIR INTO HIS BLOOD STREAM, AND SAY, GIVE MY REGARDS TO THAT DETECTIVE SERGEANT! SO-LONG



WELL, KITTEN, NOT A BAD ADVENTURE FOR A SMALL TOWN! BUT YOU HAD ALL THE FUN!



YEAH! AND IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU THAT I DID! SAY WHOSE THE FAT GUY WITH THE TURB?

THAT, KITTEN IS THE REIGN OF DESTRUCTION AND HE'S GOING TO MAKE THINGS MIGHTY HOT FOR YOU IN THE NEXT CATMAN!

The DEACON



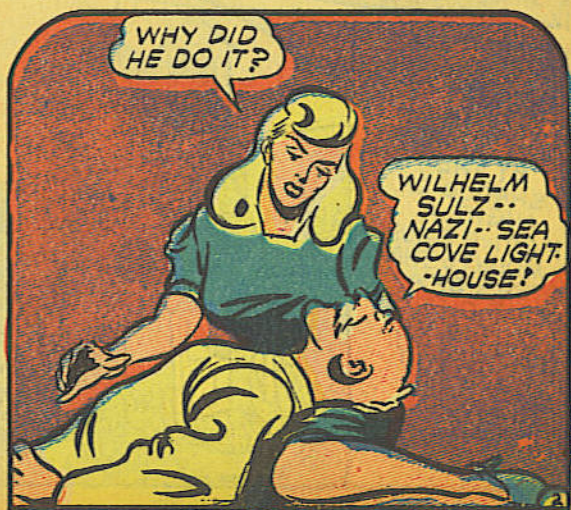
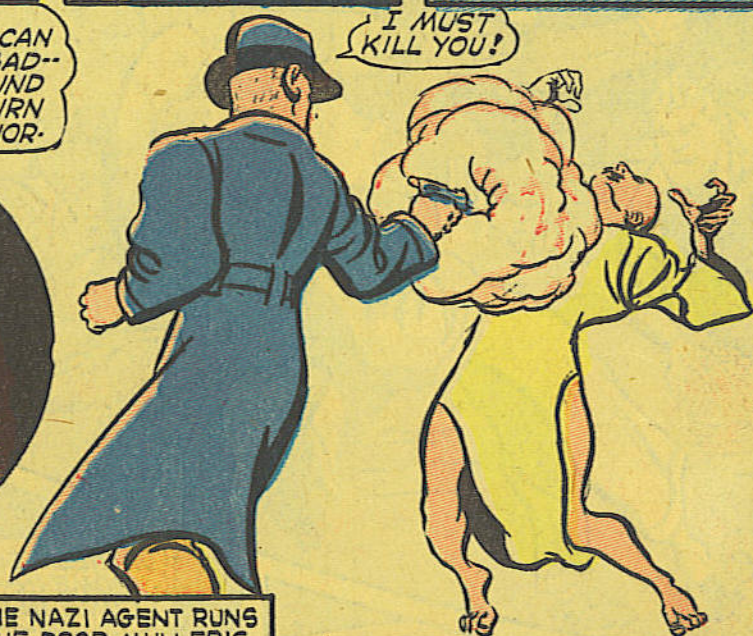
WHILE THE CITY IS ENVELOPED BY THE SHROUD OF NIGHT, A FURTIVE FIGURE MOUNTS THE STEPS OF A HOME ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY AND RINGS THE DOOR-BELL!



WILHELM SULZ?
COME IN--
COME IN?!

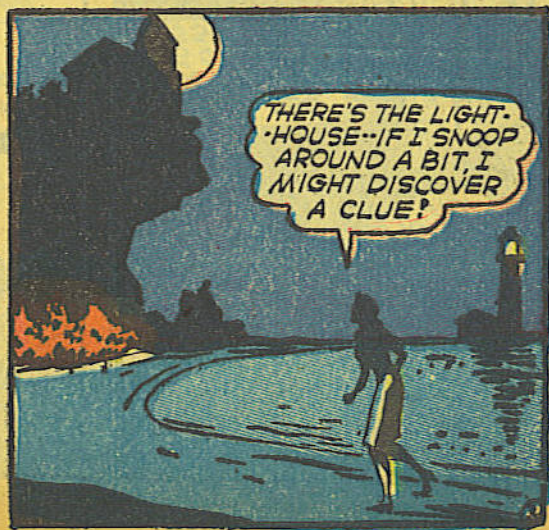
THANK
YOU, HERR
MULLER?

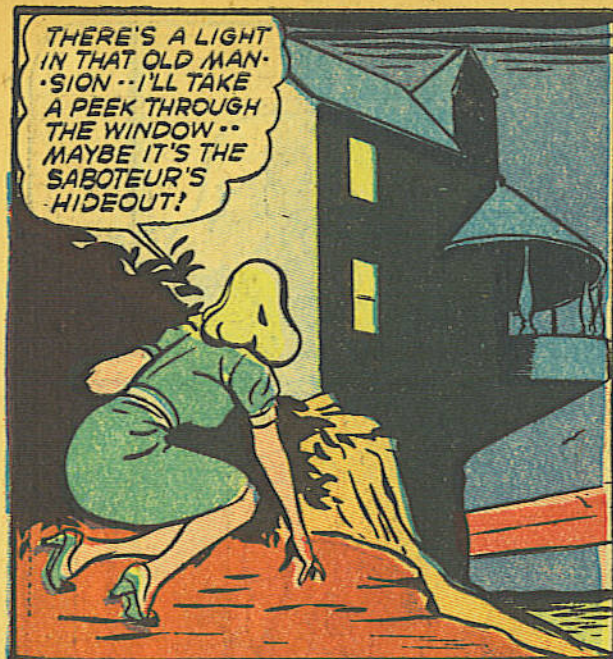






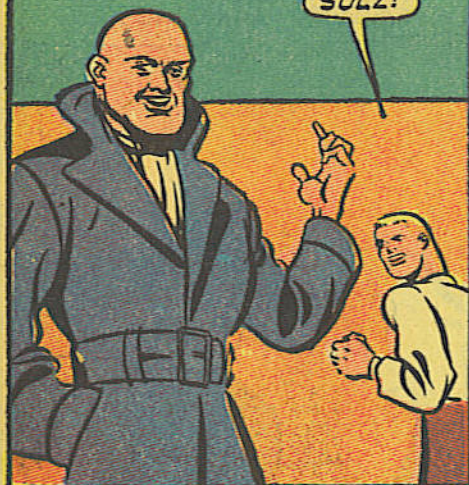
TWO HOURS LATER, HILDA APPROACHES SEA COVE LIGHTHOUSE!





OTTO, BRING
DER INHALATOR!

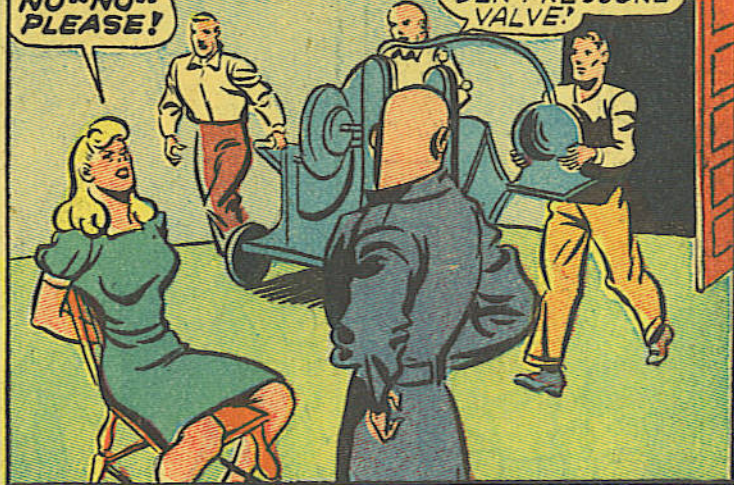
JA, HERR
SULZ!



THE NAZI LEADER'S CONFEDERATES WHEEL AN
INTRICATE MACHINE ACROSS THE ROOM--!

NO--NO--
PLEASE!

HURRY OTTO, ADJUST
DER PRESSURE
VALVE!



STRUGGLING IS USELESS,
FRAULEIN, DOT HELMET
VILL NOT KILL YOU--IT IS
GAS--VEN YOU INHALE IT,
YOU VILL FORGET ALL
AND DO ONLY VOT I
TELL YOU TO DO!



A FEW SECONDS LATER,
HILDA DRIFTS UNDER THE
INFLUENCE OF THE GAS--!

IT IS UP TO
POINT 5:27,
I THINK DOT
ISS ALL SHE
CAN STAND!

VERY WELL,
SHUT IT
OFF!



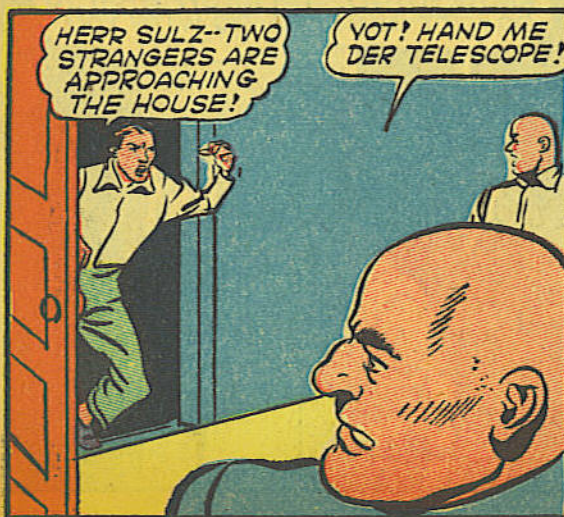
FROM NOW ON YOU VILL DO
ANYTHING I SAY--YOU ARE
COMPLETELY UNDER
MY CONTROL,
DO YOU HEAR?

YES, HERR
SULZ!

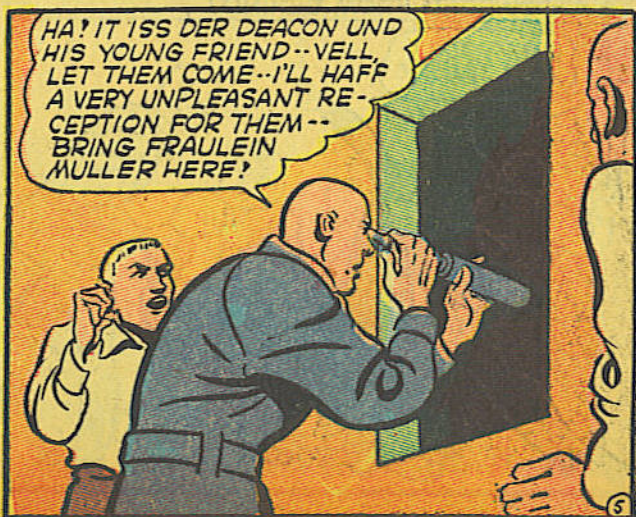


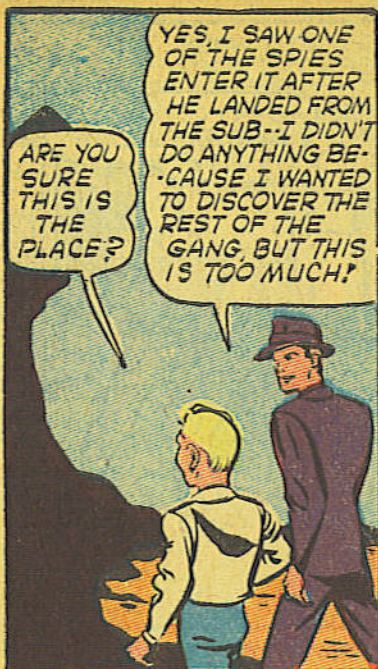
HERR SULZ--TWO
STRANGERS ARE
APPROACHING
THE HOUSE!

VOT? HAND ME
DER TELESCOPE!



HA! IT ISS DER DEACON UND
HIS YOUNG FRIEND--VELL,
LET THEM COME--I'LL HAFF
A VERY UNPLEASANT RE-
CEPTION FOR THEM--
BRING FRAULEIN
MULLER HERE!





ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE PLACE?

YES, I SAW ONE OF THE SPIES ENTER IT AFTER HE LANDED FROM THE SUB--I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING BE-CAUSE I WANTED TO DISCOVER THE REST OF THE GANG, BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH!



ISN'T THAT HILDA MULLER WALKING THIS WAY?

YES, I WONDER WHAT SHE'S DOING HERE?



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHY DON'T YOU GO AWAY AND MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

WHY, HILDA!-- WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT'S COME OVER YOU?--WE WERE ONLY TRYING TO HELP!



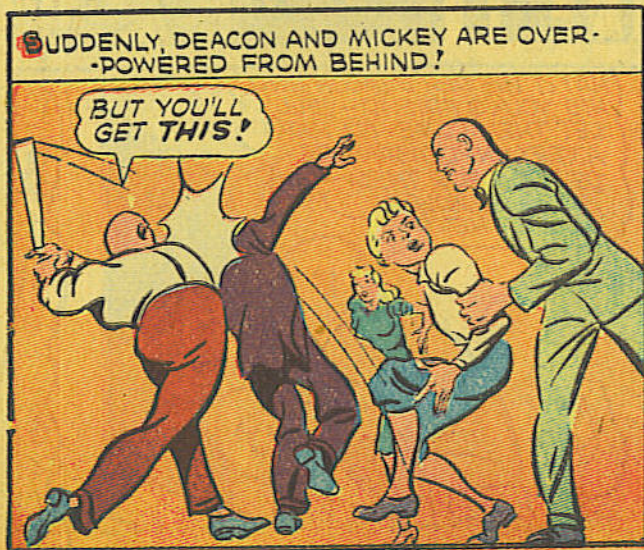
I DON'T NEED ANY HELP--GET OUT OF HERE OR I'LL KILL YOU!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE, HILDA, PUT DOWN THAT GUN!



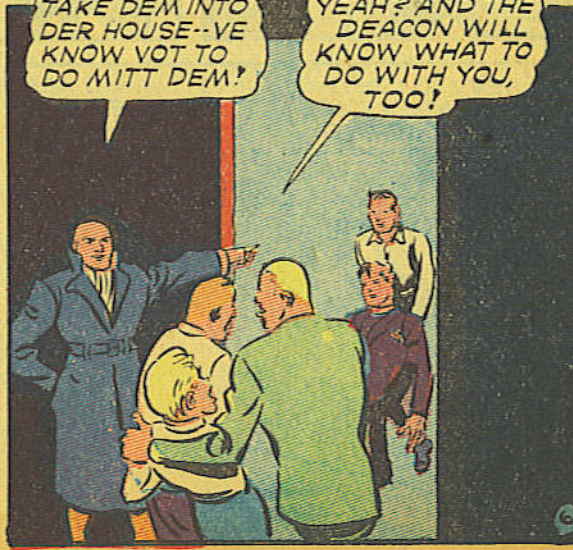
EEK-- LET ME GO!

ALLRIGHT, IF YOU WON'T PUT DOWN THAT GUN, I'LL TAKE IT!



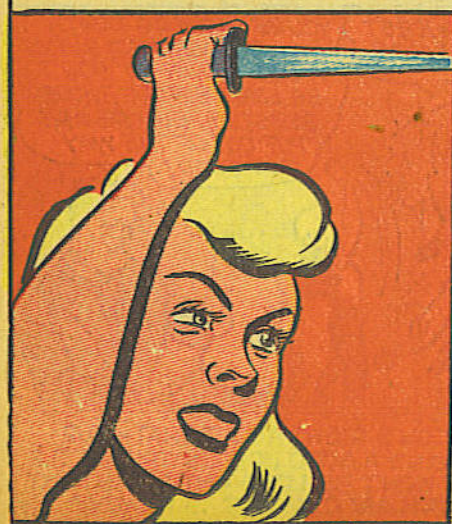
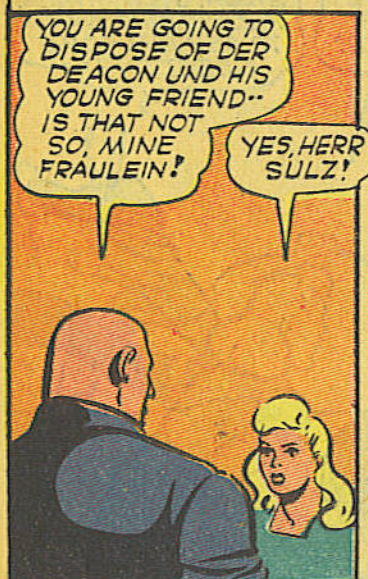
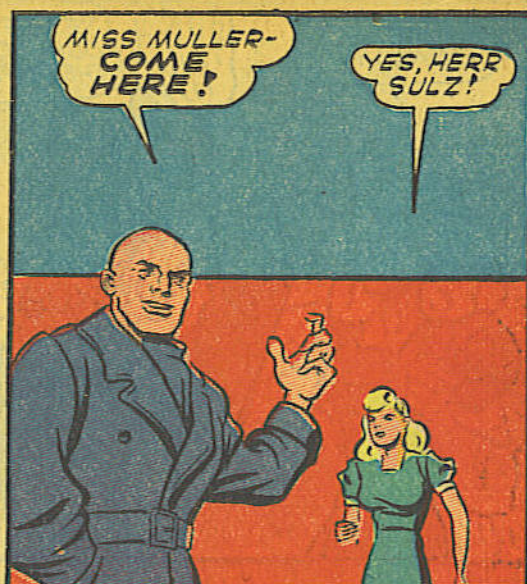
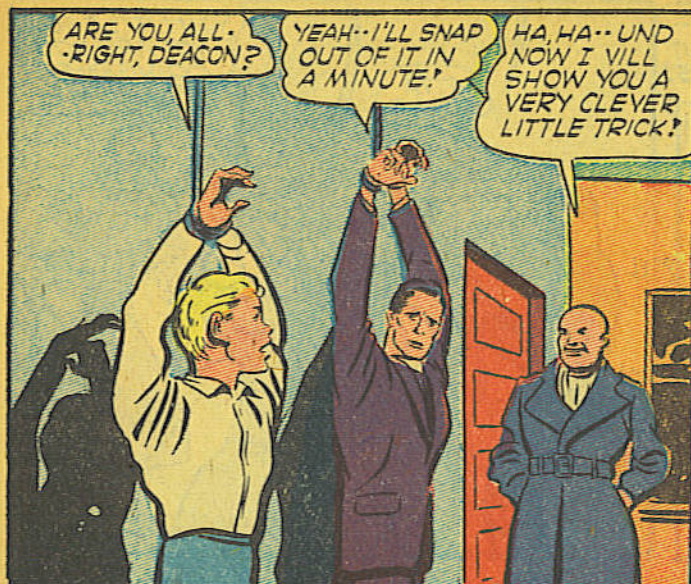
SUDDENLY, DEACON AND MICKEY ARE OVER-POWERED FROM BEHIND!

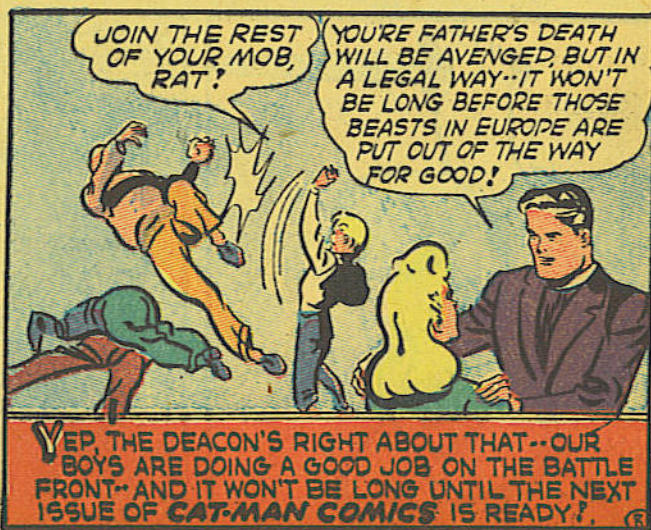
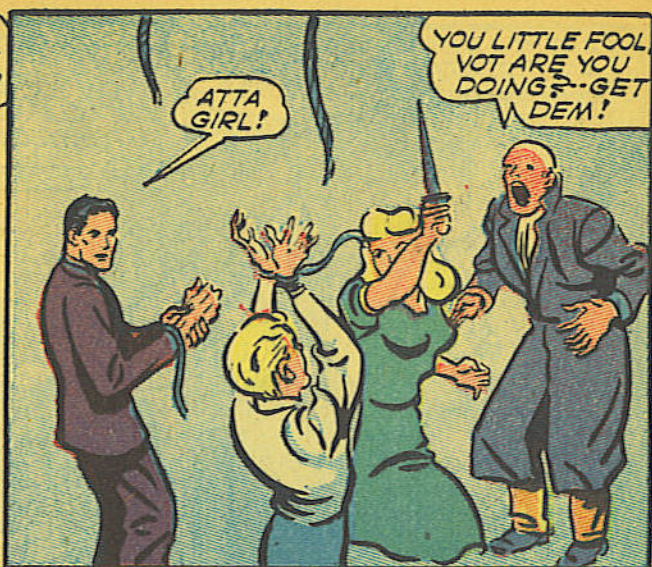
BUT YOU'LL GET THIS!



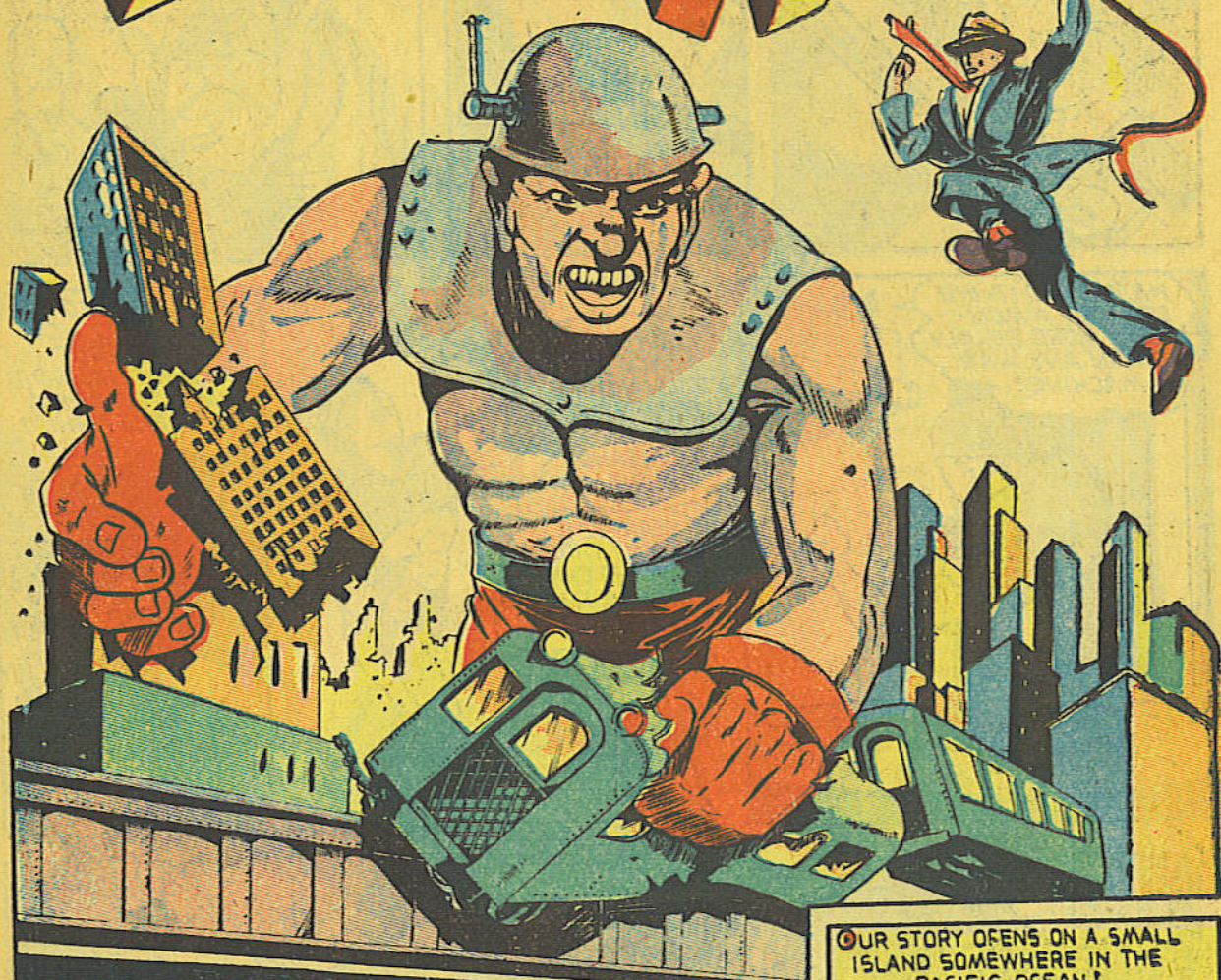
TAKE DEM INTO DER HOUSE--VE KNOW VOT TO DO MITT DEM!

YEAH? AND THE DEACON WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH YOU, TOO!





RAGMAN



LIKE A HORRIBLE NIGHT-
MARE COMES THIS GIGANTIC
MONSTER...WHO, WITH A
SINGLE BLOW, SMASHES
TOWERING SKYSCRAPERS..
WHO IS THIS HUMAN KING
KONG WHO STALKS THROUGH
THE CITY STREETS?--CAN
THE RAG-MAN STOP THIS
MAMMOUTH CREATURE BE-
FORE HE LETS LOOSE
ON HIS RAMPAGE OF
DEATH??

OUR STORY OPENS ON A SMALL
ISLAND SOMEWHERE IN THE
PACIFIC OCEAN!

THE METER
SHOWS THAT
EVERYTHING
IS SET--!

GOOD--BRING
HIM DOWN!



HIGH ABOVE ON THE TINY ISLAND TELESCOPIC TUBES SUPPORT A STRANGE MACHINE WHICH MOVES DOWN FROM THE STRATOSPHERE

SLOWLY IT SETTLES IN PLACE!

HA, NOW, TO SEE IF THE EXPERIMENT IS SUCCESSFUL--AND IF IT IS--HA--WE WILL SOON BE THE RULERS OF THIS WORLD!

QUICK--THROW THE SWITCH?

HA, WE DID IT--WE CREATED A MONSTER MORE DEADLY THAN ANY WAR MACHINE!

LOOK AT HIM, THIRTY STORIES TALL AND THE STRENGTH OF TEN THOUSAND MEN!

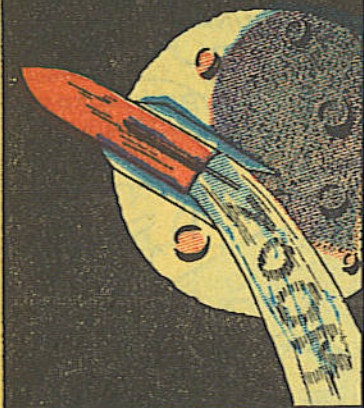
YEAH--IT'S LUCKY THOSE CHAINS CAN'T BREAK--HE LOOKS WICKED!

HA, HA, WICKED IS RIGHT--AND NOW FOR OUR FIRST TEST--WE WILL SEND HIM TO AMERICA BY ROCKET SHIP!

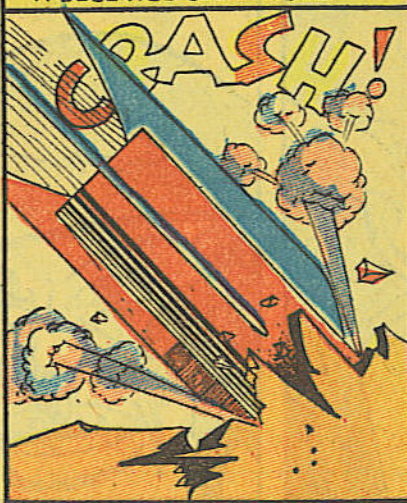
INSIDE THE ROCKET, THE MONSTER FUMBLES WITH THE STRANGE CONTROLS!

--AND JUST AS HIS CREATOR HAS PLANNED, HE FINALLY RELEASES THE CORRECT LEVER AND IT ZOOMS INTO THE AIR!

UP--UP--FAR INTO THE SKY-- IT ROARS AT BREATH-TAKING SPEED!



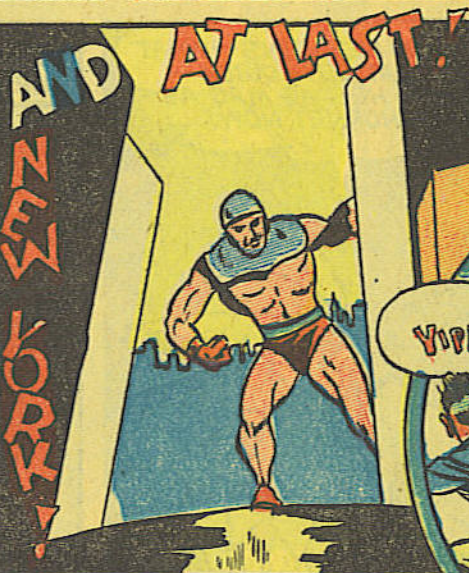
--MINUTES LATER, IT CRASHES ON A DESERTED COUNTRYSIDE?



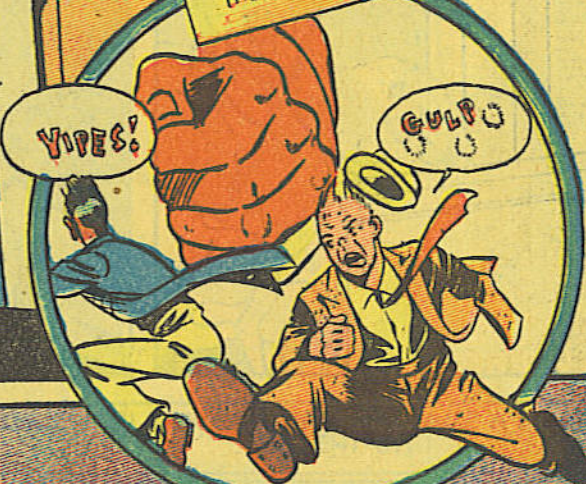
--CRAWLING FROM THE WRECKED ROCKET SHIP, A GIGANTIC MONSTER TRAMPLES ACROSS THE FIELDS!



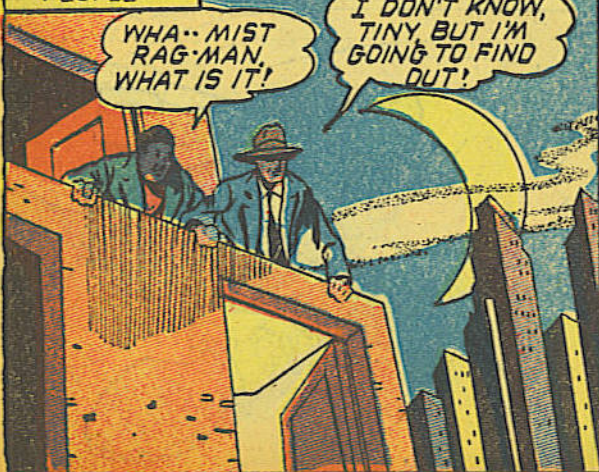
EVERY OBSTACLE IN HIS PATH IS CRUSHED BENEATH HIS TREMENDOUS WEIGHT!



ON THE STREETS OF THE METROPOLIS THE CITIZENS SCRAMBLE TO SAFTY AT THE SIGHT OF THE GIANT MONSTER...



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, THE RAG-MAN AND TINY HEAR THE SCREAMS OF THE FRIGHTENED PEOPLE!

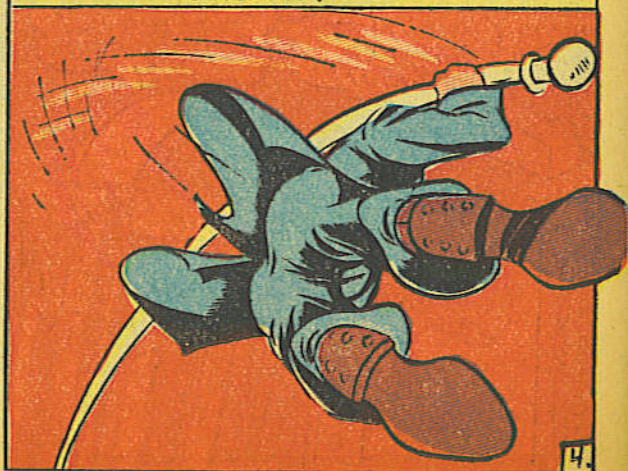
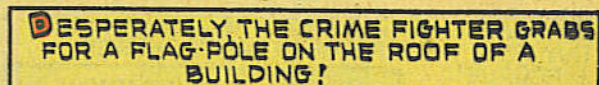
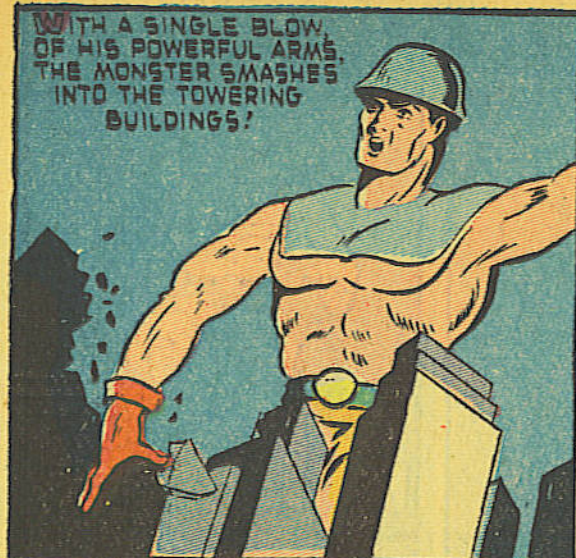


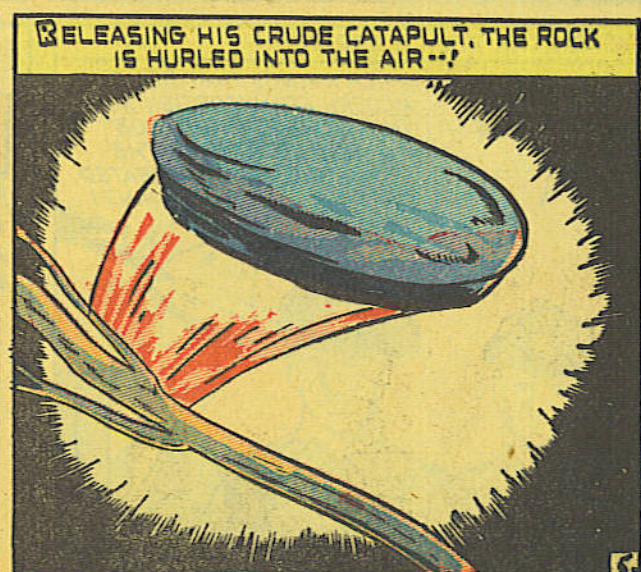
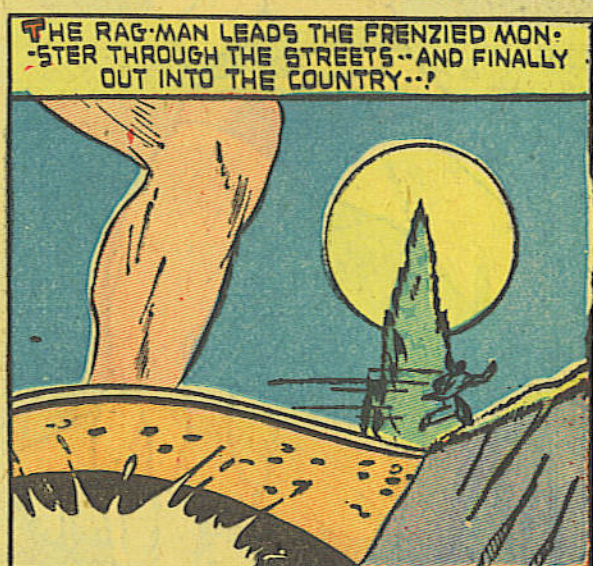
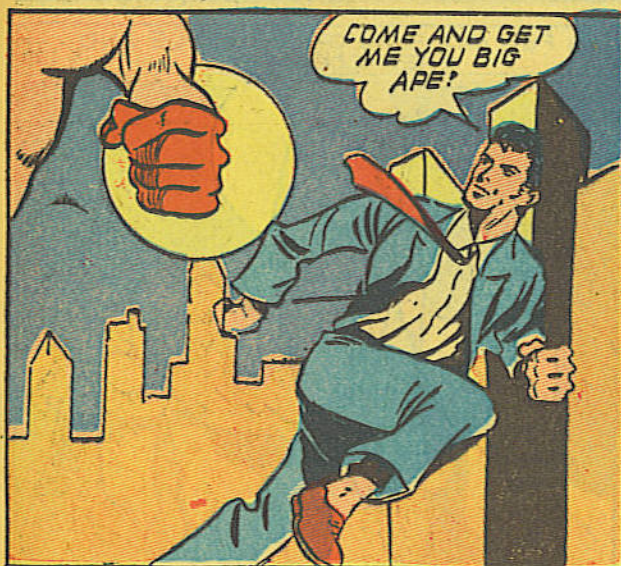
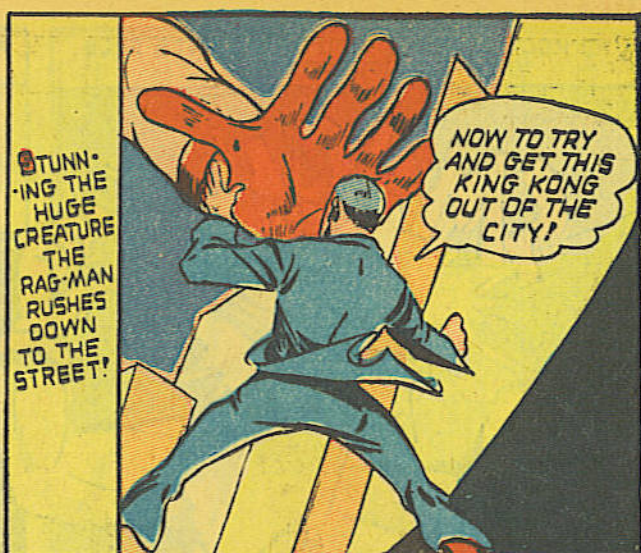
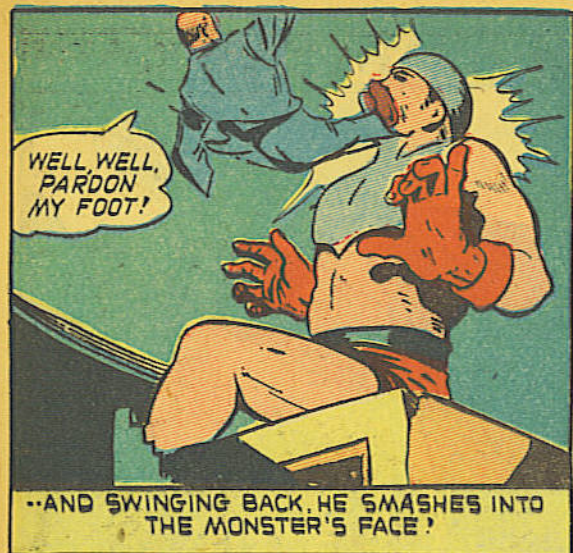
WHA-- MIST RAG-MAN, WHAT IS IT!

I DON'T KNOW, TINY, BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!

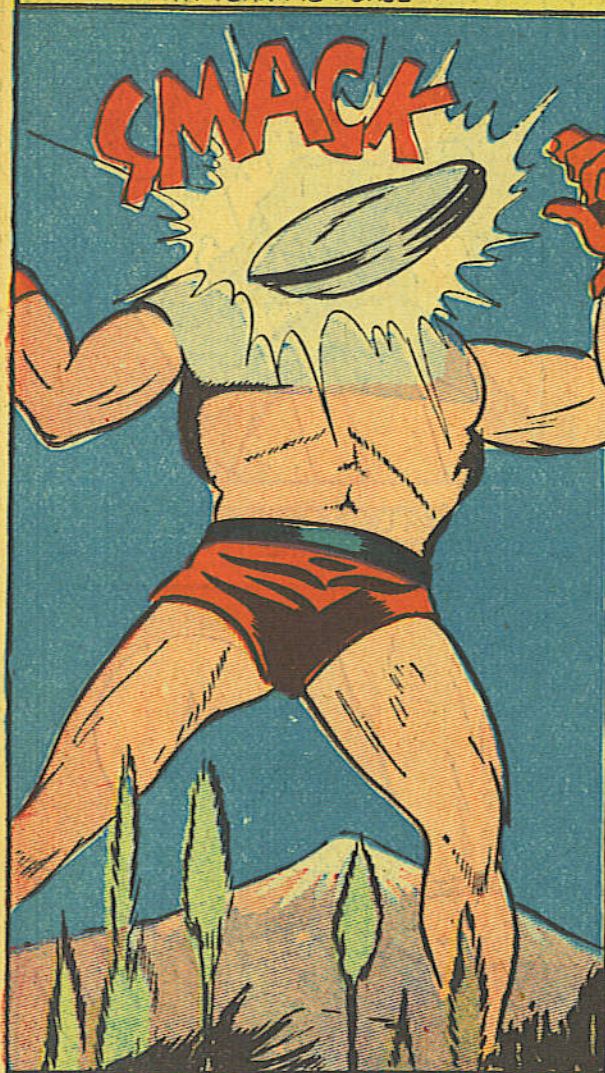


C'MON, TINY, WHATEVER IT IS, PERHAPS WE CAN STOP IT!





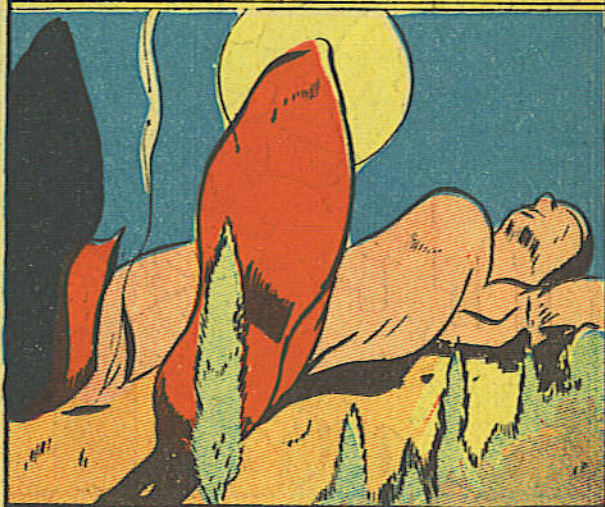
THE ROCK CRASHES INTO THE GIANT'S FACE WITH TERRIFIC FORCE --!



LOSING HIS BALANCE, HE STAGGERS BACK AND TOPPLES OVER THE CLIFF!



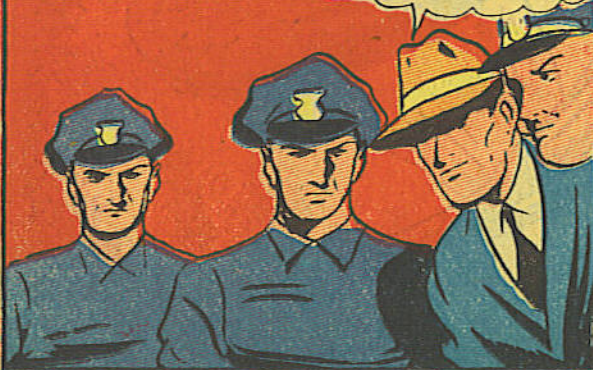
A FEW MOMENTS OF STRUGGLE AND THEN COLLAPSE!



WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE --!

LOOK--HE'S SHRINKING TO NORMAL SIZE!

WHICH PROVES THAT SOME MODERN FRANKENSTEN MADE THIS MONSTER--OUR JOB NOW IS TO FIND THE FIEND WHO CREATED THIS GIANT!



NEXT MONTH

THE RAG-MAN

GOES ON A DANGEROUS MISSION AS HE TRACKS DOWN THE CREATOR OF HUMAN MONSTERS, WHO DEFIES ALL LAWS OF NATURE IN A MAD EFFORT TO CONQUER THE WORLD! CAN THE "RAG-MAN" ESCAPE THE FATE THAT HAS BEFALLEN THE HELPLESS VICTIMS BEFORE HIM? DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE

OF CAT-MAN COMICS!

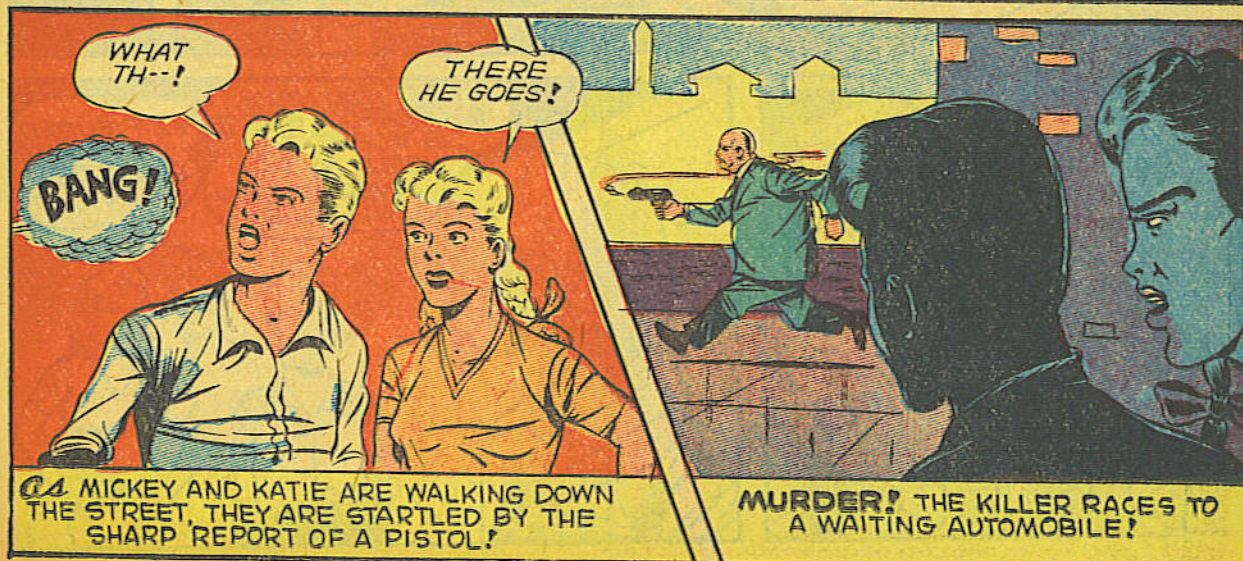
LITTLE LEADERS

THE
'DEATH
LETTER'



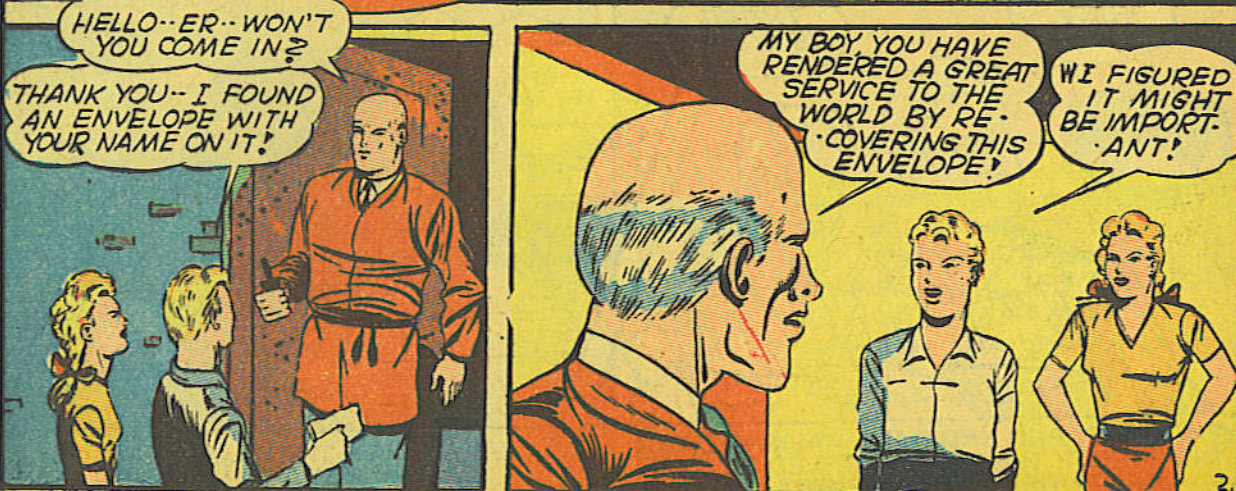
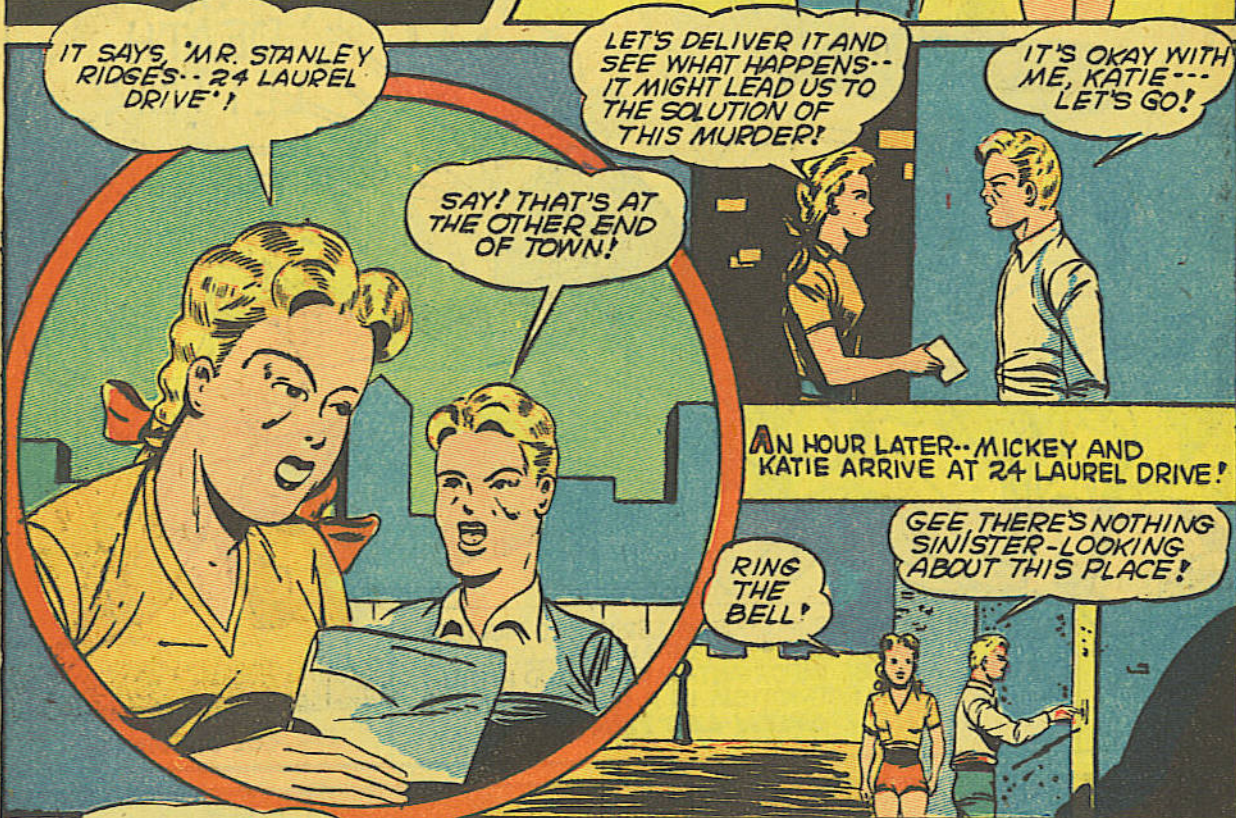
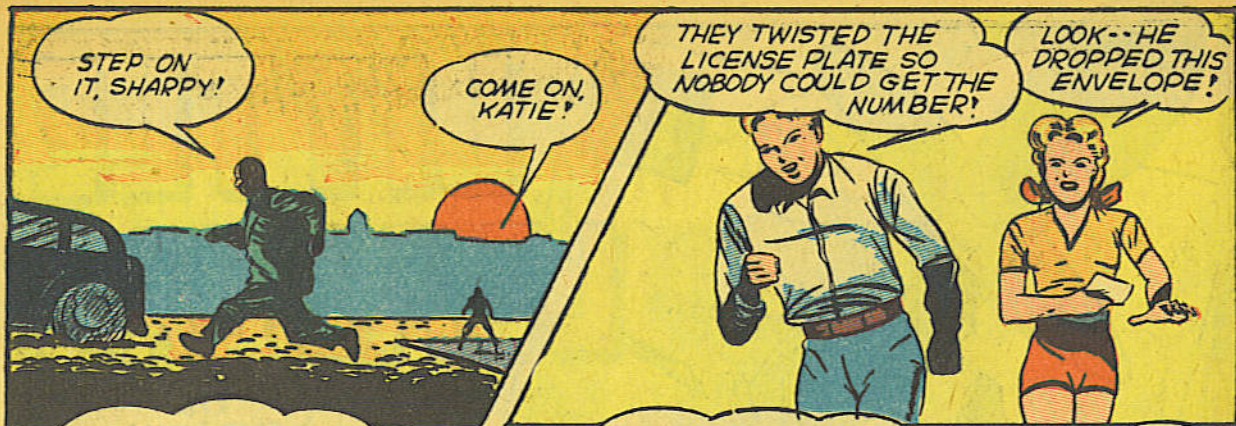
WHEN AN UNSCRUPULOUS KILLER WOULD MURDER A MAN TO OBTAIN POSSESSION OF AN ENVELOPE, THE CONTENTS MUST BE IMPORTANT--MICKEY AND KATIE DISPLAY THEIR PATRIOTISM IN A HEROIC MANNER IN **THE DEATH LETTER!**

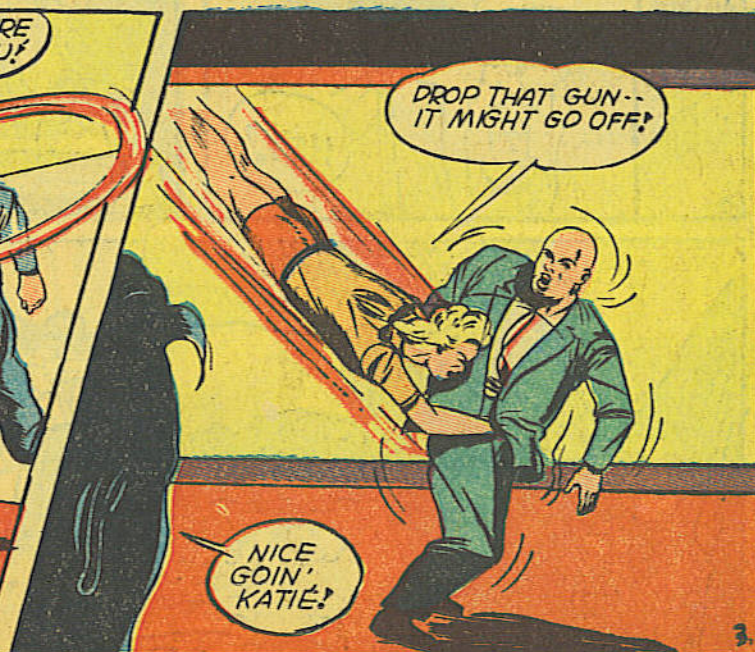
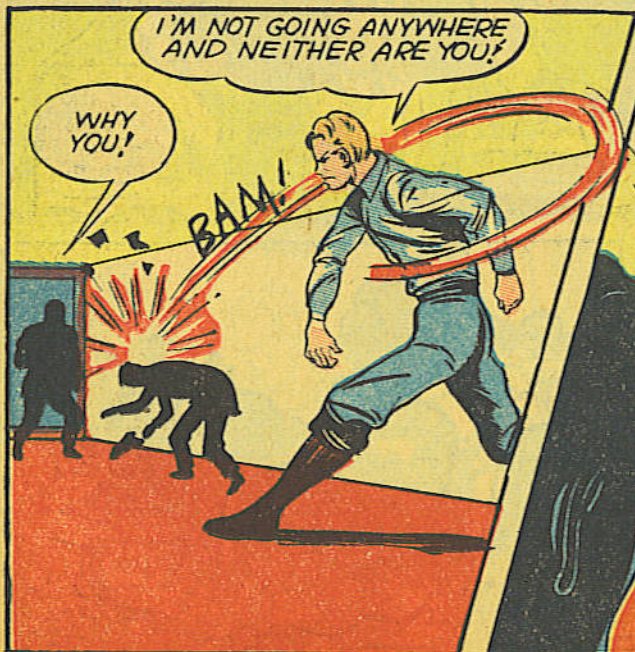
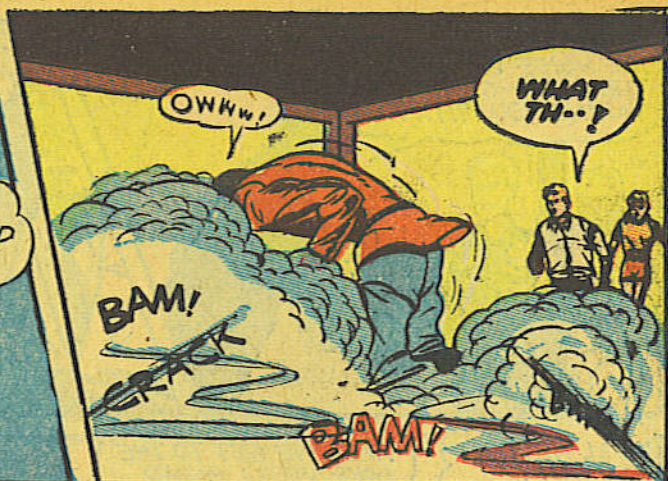
•SOL BRODSKY.



Q4 MICKEY AND KATIE ARE WALKING DOWN THE STREET, THEY ARE STARTLED BY THE SHARP REPORT OF A PISTOL!

MURDER! THE KILLER RACES TO A WAITING AUTOMOBILE!





I'D PLUG YA' RIGHT NOW, ONLY THE NOISE WOULD BRING THE COPS--C'MON, I'M TAKING YOU WITH ME!



OKAY YOU KIDS, MARCH TO THE CAR!

TAKE IT EASY!

SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE NOT GOIN' FISHIN'!



WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS, MICKEY!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

WHEN WE GET TO THE LAKE, WE'LL BUMP 'EM OFF AND HEAVE 'EM INTO THE DRINK!



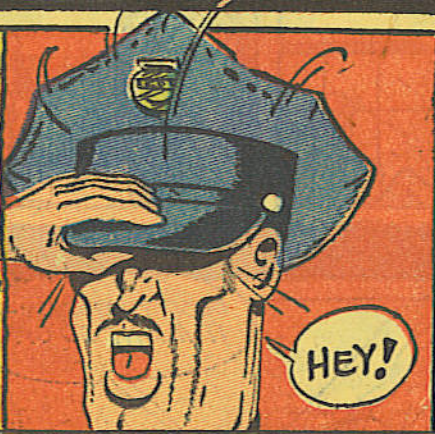
WHY YOU LITTLE--?

BRRPP!



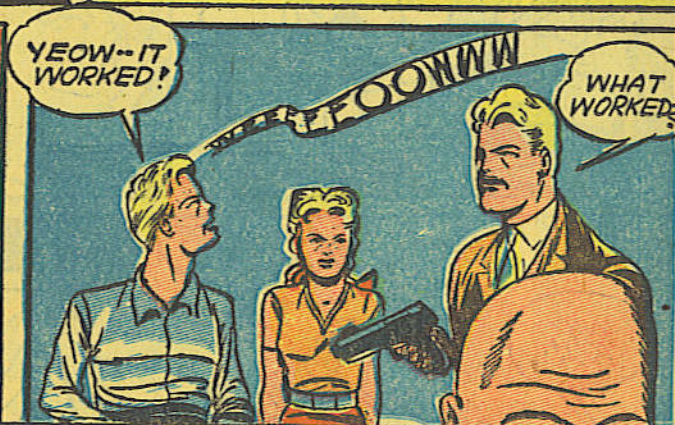
AS THE CAR PASSES AN INTERSECTION, MICKEY GIVES THE COP A BRONX CHEER!

AT THE NEXT CORNER, HE ANTAGONIZES ANOTHER OFFICER!



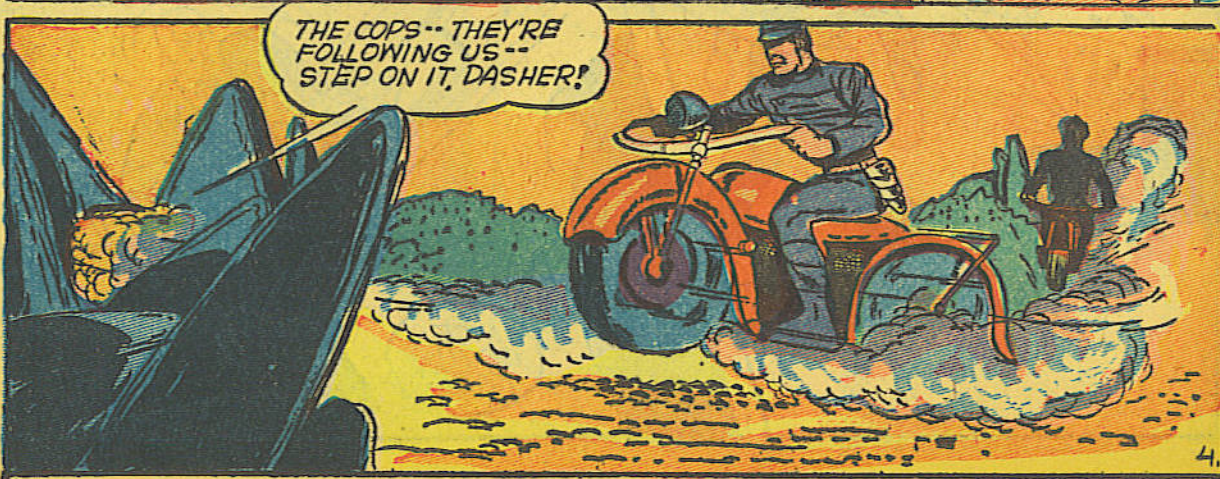
HEY!

YEOW--IT WORKED!



WHAT WORKED?

THE COPS-- THEY'RE FOLLOWING US-- STEP ON IT, DASHER!

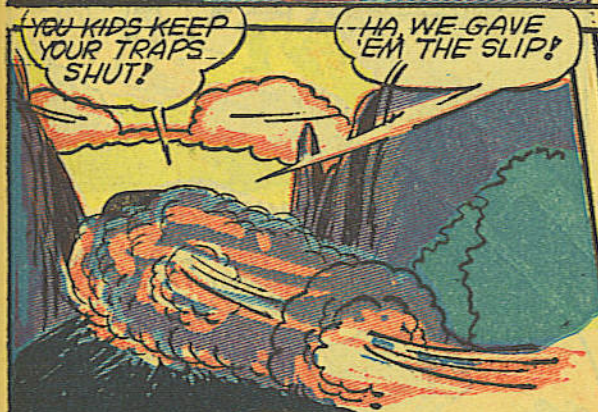




KEEP IT DOWN ON THE FLOOR-- WE'RE LOSING 'EM!

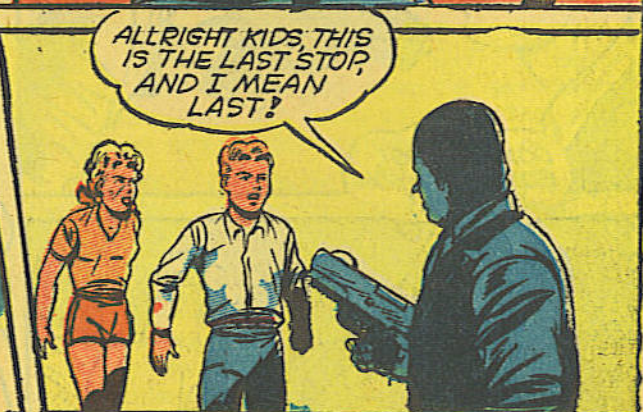


WE'LL TAKE THE ROAD ON THE LEFT--THE COPS WILL THINK WE'RE HEADED FOR THE LAKE AND TAKE THE OTHER ROAD!



YOU KIDS KEEP YOUR TRAPS SHUT!

HA WE GAVE 'EM THE SLIP!

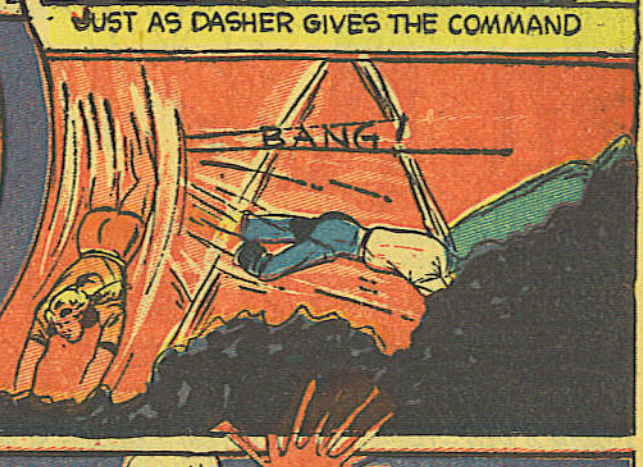


ALLRIGHT KIDS, THIS IS THE LAST STOP, AND I MEAN LAST!



START WALKING!

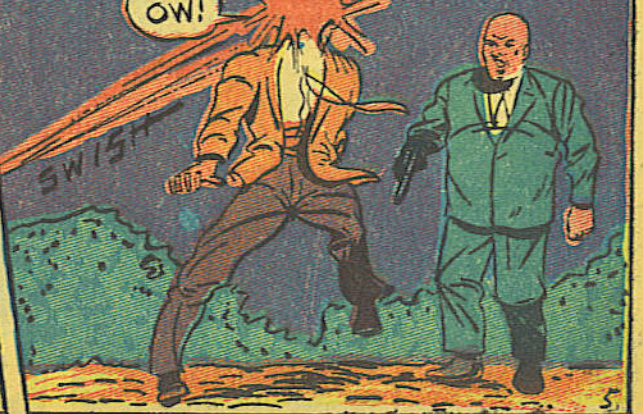
AS SOON AS WE GET TO THAT BIG BUSH, MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!



JUST AS DASHER GIVES THE COMMAND

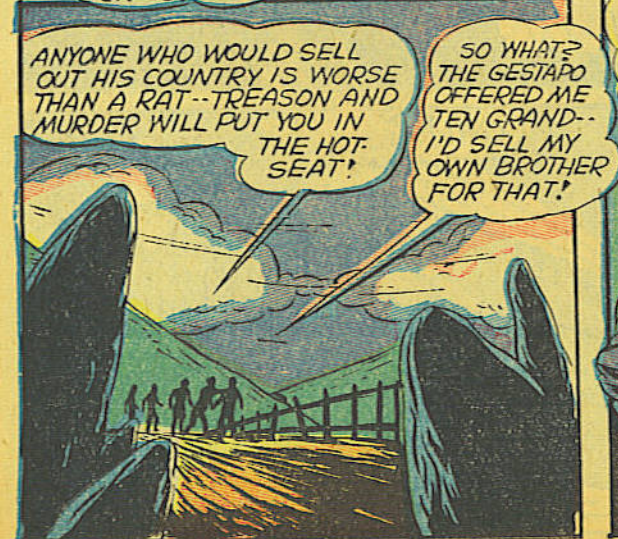


THIS ROCK OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!



OW!

SWISH



FRANK FAIRPLAY, SOLDIER

By HORACE WALLACE

On Thursday Frank Fairplay had received the usual long, white envelope from his Selective Service board and now, on Saturday morning, he was waiting his turn in the medical examiner's office.

Frank could have been excused because he had another year of schooling ahead of him but, when he appeared before the board, he waived this exemption and expressed a desire to enlist. He was accepted and all that remained now were the preliminaries to his induction into the Army of the United States.

As he waited in the reception room of the examiner's office he chatted amiably with the other selectees. Suddenly, the door opened and a short, rather stocky young fellow bounded into the room. Frank immediately leaped to his feet.

"Tom Patton! What are you doing here?" he shouted.

"I've enlisted," grinned the newcomer. "I heard that you were down here so I didn't wait for my draft call."

"Swell," exclaimed Frank. "I hope we can arrange to be sent to the same outfit."

"I think the three of us will go off together," chimed a third voice. Frank and Tom turned abruptly and stared with unbelief. A tall, dark youth had entered the door unnoticed and now stood smiling before them.

"Will Maitland, you old codger!" exploded Tom. "Don't tell me you've enlisted, too!"

"Right," grinned Will. "You fellows didn't think you could go off without me, did you?"

"Wow," exclaimed Frank. "This is going to be perfect!"

The three companions sat down on the bench at one end of the room and discussed with great animation their plans for a future in the army.

"Frank Fairplay. Step this way, please!" A doctor thrust his head through the door and beckoned.

* * *

A few hours later Frank and his two chums returned home to inform their parents of the thrilling news. They had been given ten days to settle their affairs and on Monday morning they took the oath, left the induction center in company with a group of other selectees, boarded a train, and two days later found themselves in Camp Winslow, a long, long way from home.

Once they were in the camp they were immediately forced to adjust themselves to army life: the I. Q. and aptitude tests, injections, dog tags, and assignment to barracks.

At the Quartermaster's depot they had a particularly humorous, though trying, experience. As they waited in the long line that passed before the windows where the various items were handed out, Tom chatted amiably with his comrades and kept them grinning with his usual droll remarks.

"Hey, Yardbird! Button your lip!" A big, burly corporal strode rapidly across the room and stood before Tom with hands on hips. Tom regarded him with a questioning expression.

"Yas, you!" growled the non-com. "You're in the army now, Bud—so stop acting like a clown!"

"Ye-yes, sir," gulped Tom.

And so they were introduced to their first example of army discipline.

Fifteen minutes later when the boys were being issued their uniforms, Will Maitland ran into similar difficulties when the supply sergeant handed him a pair of shoes.

"These shoes are size nine and a half," protested Will. "I wear a size nine. They're too big for me!"

"Oh, is that so?" sneered the sergeant. "You'll take size nine and a half and like it! And besides, when you start drilling and hiking, brother—your feet will grow to fit. Now beat it!"

"Better take what you get and say nothing," suggested Frank. "It seems to be a habit we'll have to cultivate."

An hour later they were ushered down the company street and assigned to their barracks. The burly corporal mentioned previously, showed them how to arrange their duffle and then led them outside to meet their officers.

Sergeant Brady proved to be a very tough individual. When he spoke the inductees snapped to immediate attention. But perhaps "spoke" is not the correct word; the "Sarge" bellowed like a bull. And his voice matched his frame. He stood six-feet-three, his chest was large and as round as a beer barrel, and atop his head was a wild thatch of flaming red hair.

"All right, men, at ease!" he thundered. "I'm gonna tell you a few things about army life and warn you that I'll make soldiers of you if it's the

last thing I do!" The Sarge continued on ad infinitum.

The rest of the afternoon was uneventful, the time being their own until the next morning when they would be introduced to the manual of arms. After evening mess—and the boys agreed it was excellent—they ambled over to the far end of the parade grounds where a rude stage had been erected. The soldiers were to be entertained by a traveling U. S. O. vaudeville show.

"I hear that an entire troupe of New York talent is going to be here tonight," chuckled Tom. "Gosh, it looks like army life is going to be just what the doctor ordered!"

"Oh, yeah?" thundered a voice behind them. It was Sergeant Brady. "Army life is going to be just what the doctor ordered, all right," he laughed. "You're going to get plenty of exercise in the morning!"

With that the burly sergeant walked up to the forward row of seats.

"I'd better keep my mouth shut," pouted Tom. "Every time I say anything around here, I put my foot in it."

"Don't let it worry you," smiled Frank. "But it's a good idea to think before you talk—and that applies to everyday life and not only the army."

At that moment a fanfare from the orchestra echoed across the parade grounds. The show was about to begin.

A great cheer rose from the ranks as Sergeant Brady leaped to the platform. The burly top-kick raised his hands and called for attention.

"All right, boys—that's enough!" he shouted. "We're going to have a swell show here tonight, I can promise you that. But first, let's all get together with the orchestra and sing 'The Star Spangled Banner'!"

A surge of feeling swept through Frank as the entire division of men rose from their seats and stood solemnly at attention, and cold chills ran up his spine as hundreds of voices joined in to sing the national anthem.

"Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light,

That so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming."

The soldiers sang lustily and when the last notes had echoed across the parade grounds they resumed their seats.

"Hush up, Tom, the show's starting," cautioned Will as Tom carried on a running conversation with a fellow in the preceding seat.

And the show had started. The vocalist with one of the more popular bands from the city was singing "Deep in the Heart of Texas," the boys joining

in with a loud clapping of hands and much enthusiasm.

The next attraction on the program was the popular young movie star, Gloria Winton, and the audience went wild when she walked out to the center of the stage. The lights were dimmed and two large torches were set on either side of Miss Winton, an effect which proved to be quite spectacular. Then the orchestra struck up an introduction and the young movie star began the opening strains of "God Bless America."

As she sang, a deep hush fell over the audience as everyone listened in rapt attention. Suddenly, Miss Winton emitted a piercing scream and ran frantically toward the wings. One of the torches had ignited the flimsy material of her dress and almost immediately she was enveloped in a sheet of flame.

Frank Fairplay was on his feet instantly and before the others could collect their wits he had reached the stage and bounded to the side of the actress. Without a moment's hesitation he ripped the heavy curtain from one side of the stage and quickly threw it about her shoulders, smothering the flames.

By this time the stage was swarming with soldiers and Major Manning of the medical corps lost no time in administering to the stricken girl.

"She'll be all right," he murmured after a careful examination. "Just a few superficial burns and her hair is singed slightly. If it hadn't been for the quick thinking and immediate action of that young private she might have lost her life!"

Gloria Winton turned to Frank and smiled. "Thank you, soldier," she murmured.

"It was nothing," said Frank modestly. "I hope you'll suffer no ill effects from your experience." With that he stepped down from the stage and rejoined his friends.

"Good work," beamed Tom.

"Looks like you're a hero around here," smiled Will as he shook Frank's hand. "Oh-oh, here comes Colonel Winthrop."

The boys drew up to attention and saluted smartly as the colonel approached.

"At ease," grinned the colonel. "My boy, let me congratulate you. The army is in need of men of your type. I'll keep my eye on you, soldier."

"Thank you, sir," said Frank.

Colonel Winthrop walked back to the stage.

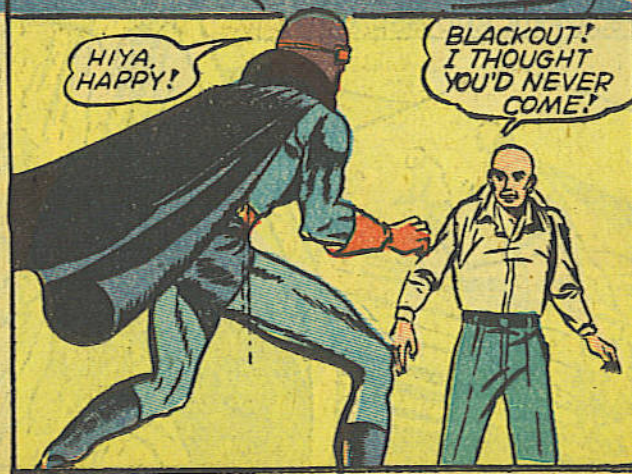
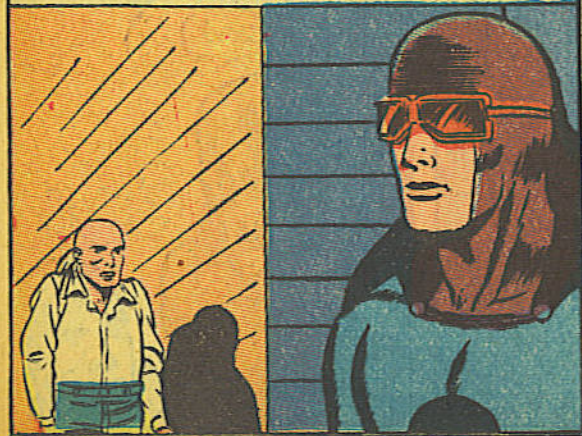
"Boy, you've made a hit with the colonel," chuckled Will Wainright. "I'll bet you'll be promoted to corporal in a week!"

"All I'm interested in is doing my duty," replied Frank. "If I can do that successfully, I'll be satisfied."

BLACKOUT



A DARK NIGHT IN AUGSBURG, GERMANY--!



DID ANNA
REACH
SWITZER-
LAND
SAFELY?

YES, SHE IS AT A
PLACE WHERE
THE GESTAPO
WILL NEVER REACH
HER-- WELL, WE
MIGHT AS WELL
START BACK TO
BERLIN!

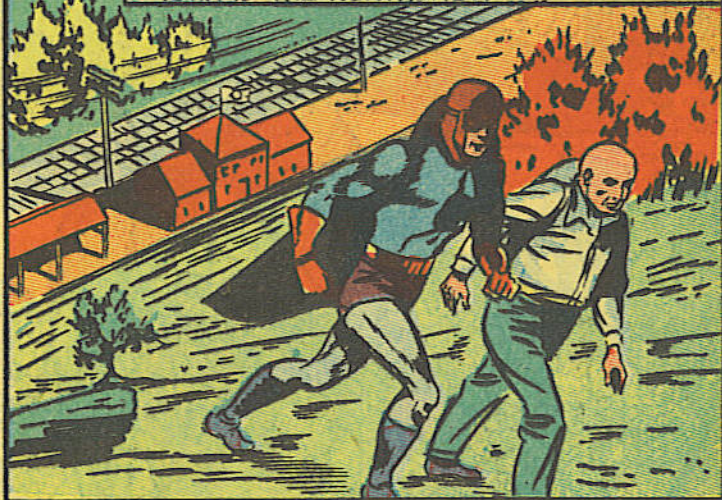
DR. DISMAL SENT A MESSEN-
GER FROM BERLIN--WE ARE
TO SUPERVISE THE UP-
RISING OF THE V-ARMY IN
CZECHO-SLAVAKIA-- THE
ALLIES ARE GOING TO START
A SECOND FRONT VERY
SOON!

THERE'S A TRAIN
LEAVING FOR DESSEN-
DORF AT TEN!

GOOD--WE
SHOULD BE
THERE ABOUT
THREE--LET'S
GO!

AND SO, THE DEGGENDORF
EXPRESS SPEEDS THROUGH THE
NIGHT BEARING BLACKOUT AND
HAPPY ON THE FIRST LEG OF
THEIR JOURNEY!

REACHING THEIR DESTINATION, THEY STRIKE OUT
TOWARD THE NORTHEAST!



A FEW HOURS LATER, THEY ARE
MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE
BOHMER WALD, A RANGE OF
MOUNTAINS SEPARATING CZECHO-
SLAVAKIA AND GERMANY!

KEEP LOW, HAPPY
THESE MOUNTAINS
ARE SWARMING
WITH SOLDIERS!

WE ARE TO MEET
KURT AT BUDWEIS--
I HOPE HE'S WAIT-
ING FOR US!

IF WE
GET THROUGH,
WE'RE LUCKY!





UP WITH
YOUR
HANDS!

WHAT
TH--!

THEY'VE
GOT US!



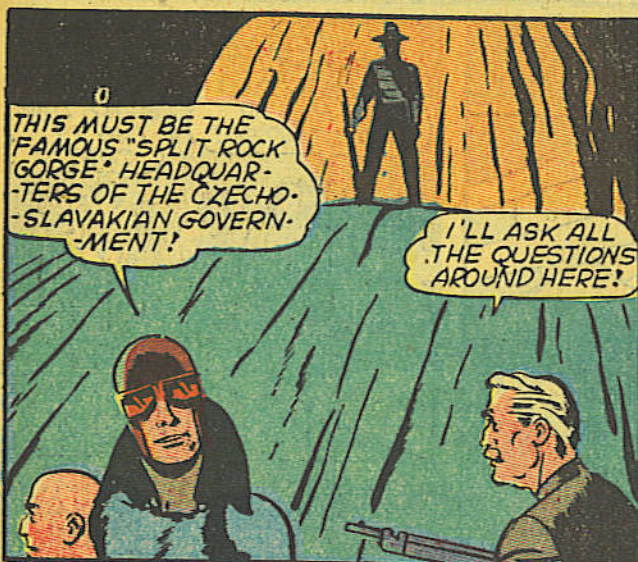
WE'RE
ON YOUR
SIDE!

CZECHS!

MAYBE--
BUT WE DON'T
TAKE ANY
CHANCES!



IF YOU ARE FRIENDS
YOU HAVE NOTHING
TO FEAR--- IF NOT,
WELL, WE HAVE
PLENTY OF ROPE!



THIS MUST BE THE
FAMOUS "SPLIT ROCK
GORGE" HEADQUAR-
TERS OF THE CZECHO-
SLAVAKIAN GOVERN-
MENT!

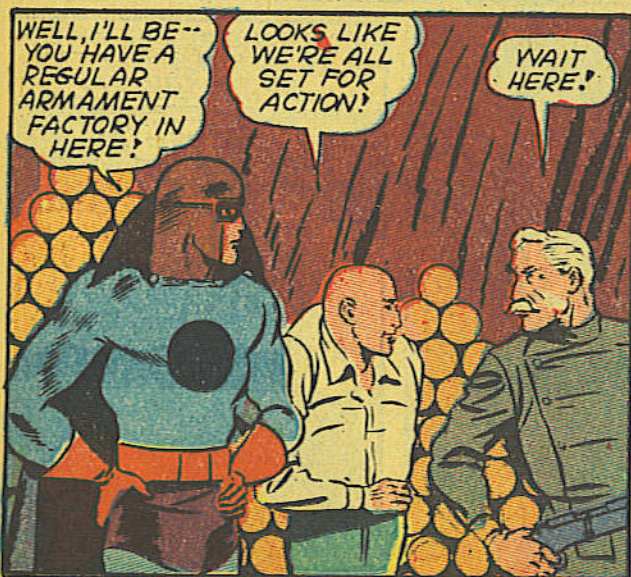
I'LL ASK ALL
THE QUESTIONS
AROUND HERE!



IN THERE--
START
WALKING!

I HEAR YA'
TALKING,
BUB!

WHEW!
WHAT A
HIDEOUT!



WELL, I'LL BE--
YOU HAVE A
REGULAR
ARMAMENT
FACTORY IN
HERE!

LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE ALL
SET FOR
ACTION!

WAIT
HERE!



BLACKOUT! GLAD
TO SEE YOU--I
WAS GOING TO MEET
YOU IN BUDWEIS IN
THE MORNING!

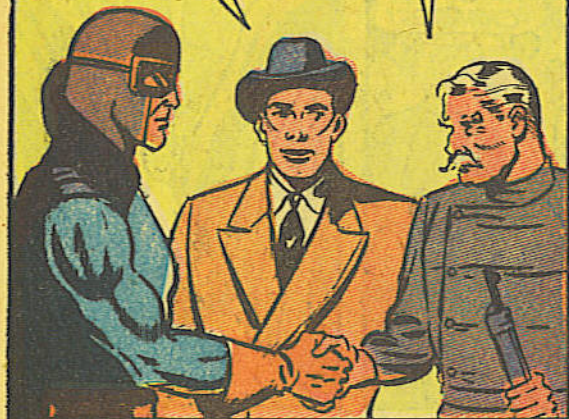
KURT! YOU OLD
SON-OF-A-GUN--
CALL OFF YOUR
BULL-DOGS!

I WANT YOU TO MEET RADEC-- HE IS CHIEF OF THE PATRIOTS IN THIS SECTOR!

I'M SORRY I WAS SO ROUGH WITH YOU TO-DAY, BUT WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!

--YOU WILL BREAK UP IN SMALL BANDS AND HEAD EASTWARD, GATHERING PATRIOTS ON THE WAY-- WE'LL ALL MEET AT ZILINA TWO WEEKS FROM TO-DAY!

MY PEOPLE ARE READY FOR OPEN REBELLION--WE'VE TAKEN ALL WE CAN STAND FROM THE NAZI DOGS!



WHEN WE RECEIVE WORD FROM LONDON, WE WILL ATTACK--THE REST OF THE CONQUERED NATIONS WILL DO THE SAME!

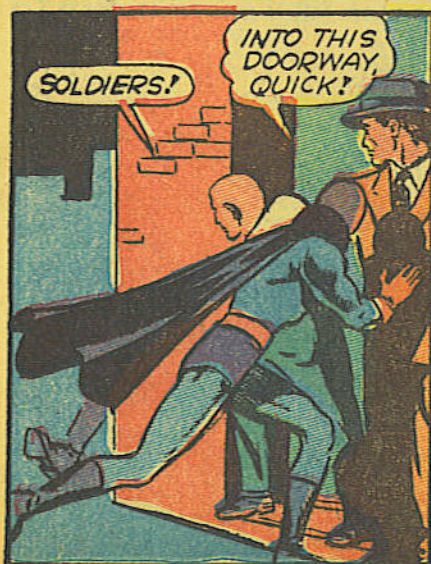
THAT NIGHT, THE MEN OF THE UNDERGROUND SET OUT ON THEIR JOURNEY!

WE WILL CONTACT THE LOCAL LEADER HERE AND TELL HIM TO GET STARTED!

AS CAESAR SAID "THE DIE IS CAST!"



BLACKOUT AND HIS COMPANIONS REACH THE TOWN OF BUDWEIS!



SOLDIERS!

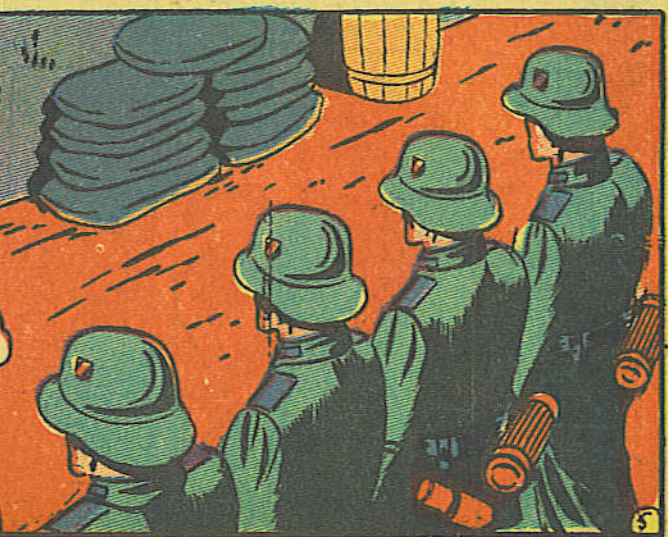
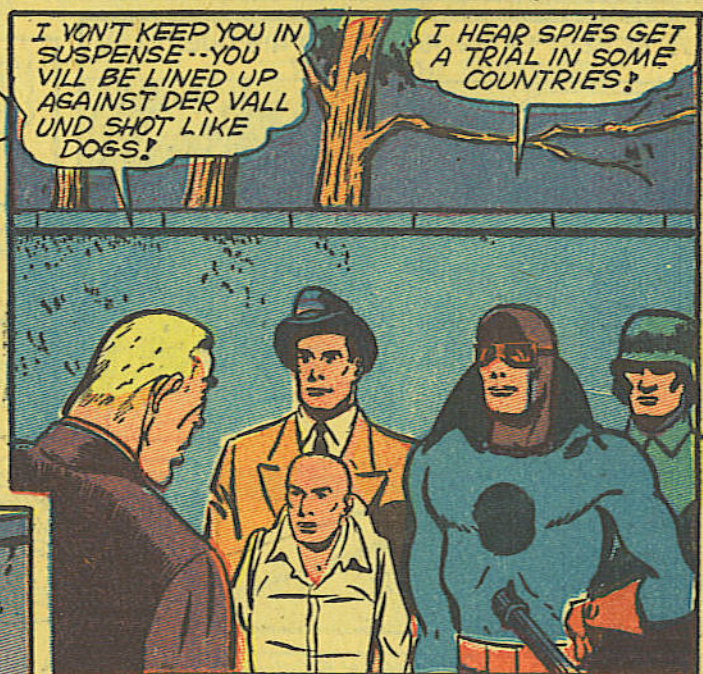
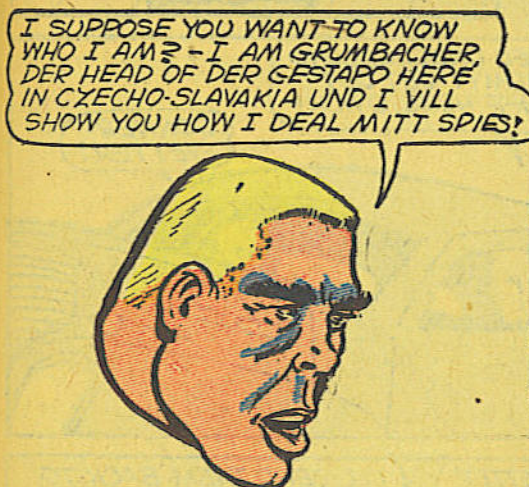
INTO THIS DOORWAY, QUICK!



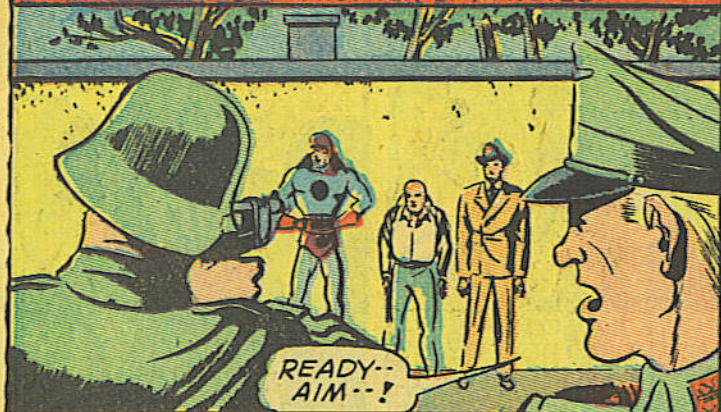
BUT A LONE FIGURE WATCHES AS THEY SLIP SILENTLY UP THE STREET!

THEY'RE GONE-- LET'S GO!



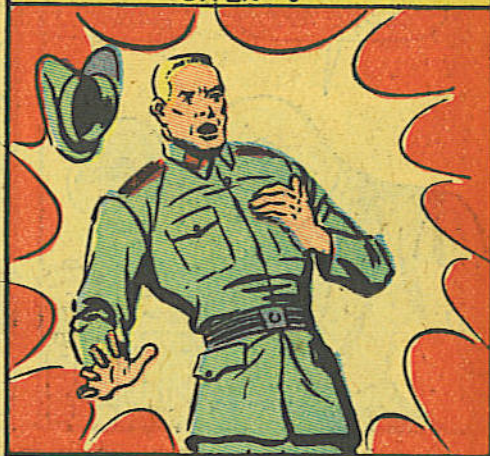


BRAVELY, THE THREE PATRIOTS FACE THE FIRING SQUAD. THE RIFLES OF THE SOLDIERS ARE RAISED AND CERTAIN DEATH IS BUT A MATTER OF MINUTES!

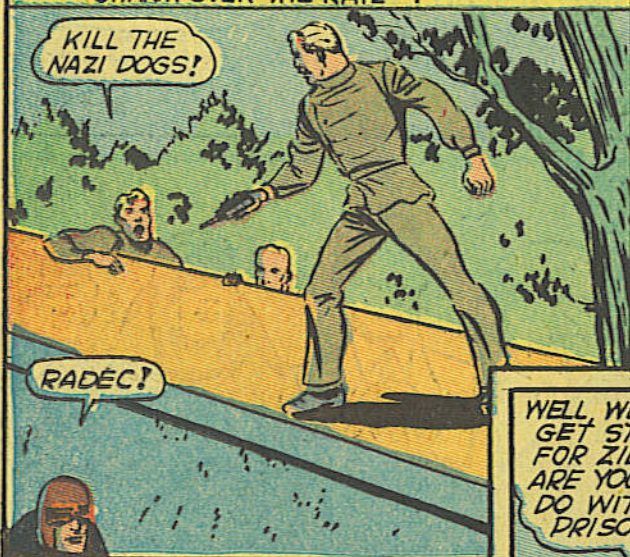


READY--
AIM--!

BUT THE DEATH SIGNAL IS NEVER GIVEN--!



A MOMENT LATER, RADEC AND HIS GUERRILLAS SWARM OVER THE RAIL--!



KILL THE
NAZI DOGS!

RADEC!

DER UNDERGROUND
ARMY! GET OUT
OFF HERE, QUICK!

DONNER-
VETTER!

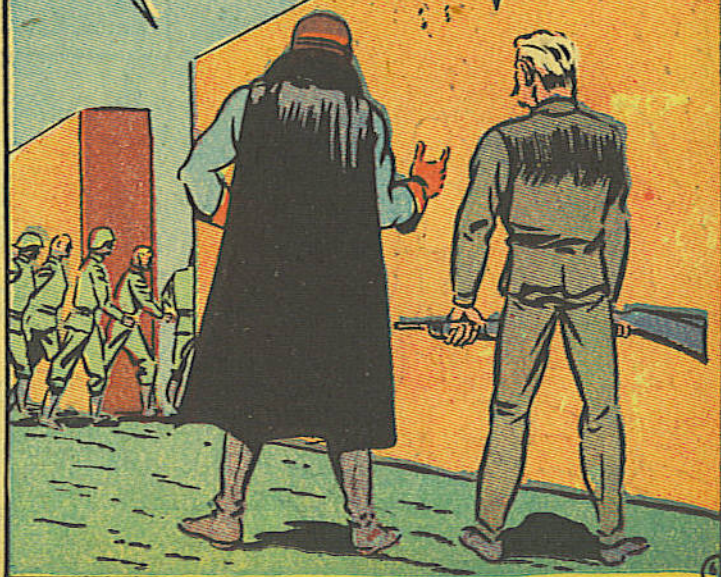


WELL, WE'D BETTER
GET STARTED FOR
FOR ZILINA--WHAT
ARE YOU GOING TO
DO WITH THE
PRISONERS?

I'LL SEND THEM BACK TO
SPLIT ROCK GORGE--I
AND THE REST OF MY MEN
WILL TAKE THE SOUTHERN
ROUTE TO THE BOHMER
WALD!

THERE GOES
GRUMBACHER,
HE'S GETTING
AWAY!

I'VE BEEN SAVING
A BULLET FOR
THAT RAT!



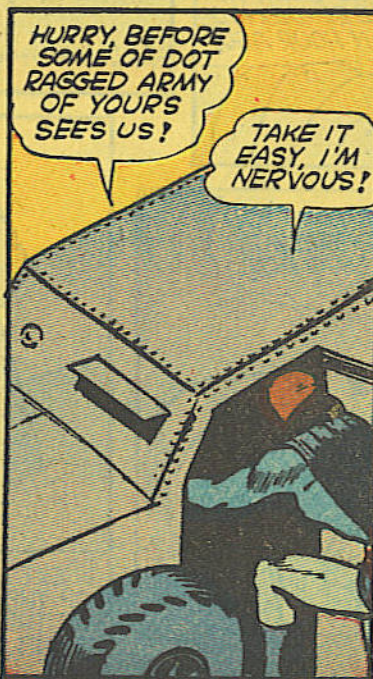
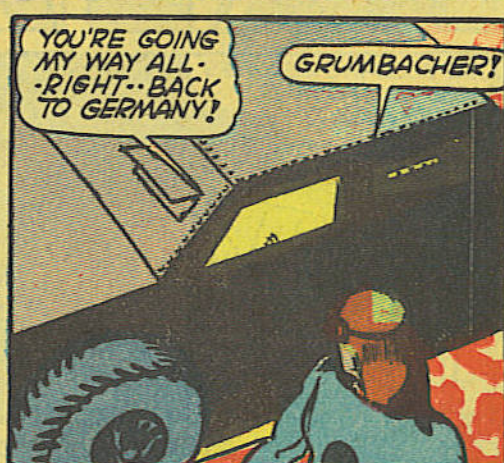
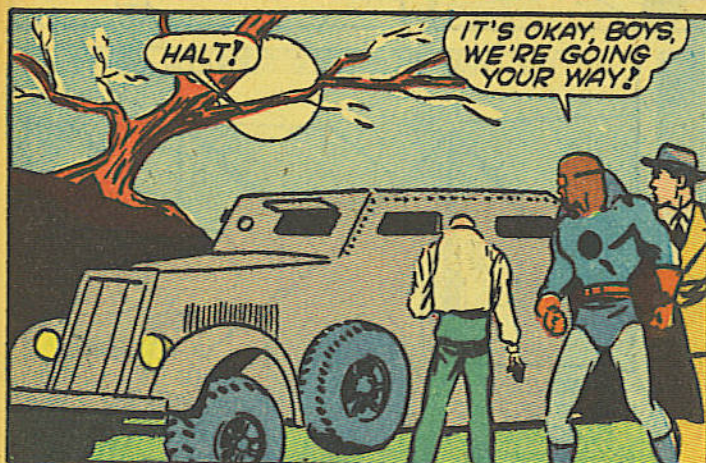
ONE WEEK LATER, BLACKOUT AND HIS COMPANIONS APPROACH THE APPOINTED RENDEZVOUS OF THE REBEL ARMY!

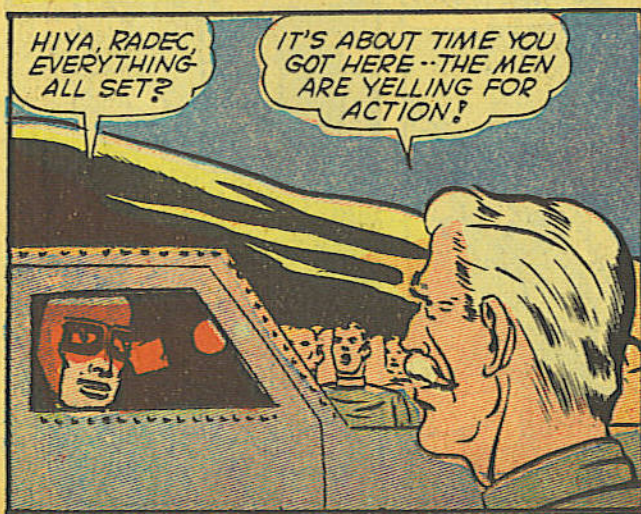
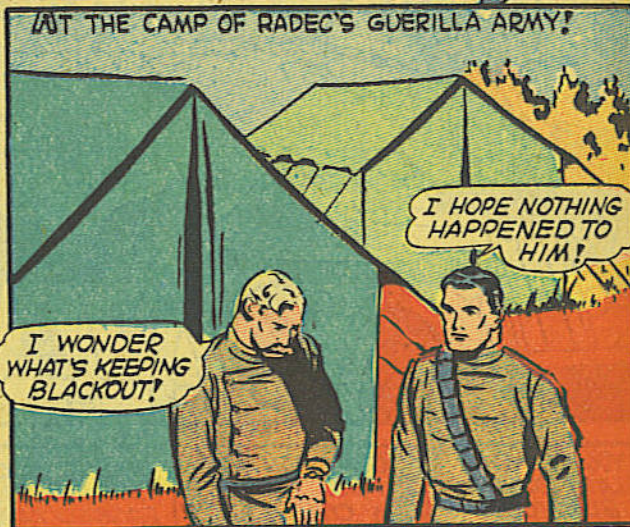
THE MEETING PLACE IS IN THAT GAP BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS!

I WONDER HOW MANY MEN WILL BE WAITING FOR US?


OH OH-- SOME-- ONE'S COMING!

IT MUST BE SOME OF OUR OWN MEN!





PHANTOM FALCON



I CLAIM THE PHANTOM
FALCON--MY NAME IS
DEATH--YES, THAT
SMILING HAPPY-GO-
LUCKY HERO SHALL
HAVE HIS LAST ADVEN-
TURE, FOR HE WILL
KEEP HIS DATE WITH
ME!

**DOES DEATH
CLAIM THE
PHANTOM
FALCON?**

MEN! YOU'VE ALL HEARD
OF THE PHANTOM FALCON,
THE FLIER WHO DISHONOR-
ABLE NAZIS FAILED TO
BRING DOWN--HE IS RE-
PORTED IN THIS AREA-- I
COMMANDER YALLAH DOGO
WANT HIM CAPTURED ALIVE
WITHIN THE NEXT
TWO DAYS!

WELL, WELL, IF IT
ISN'T THE YELLOW
STABS IN THE
BACKS!

THE JAPS QUICK-
LY HUNT FOR THE
FALCON IN
PATROLS OF THREE,
BUT THE FALCON
SEES THEM FIRST!

FRANTICALLY, THE JAPS SEARCH FOR
THEIR ATTACKER AS ANOTHER SHIP
IS SHOT DOWN!

ONE DOWN-- NOW I'LL
PRESS THIS BUTTON
AND MAKE IT TWO!

FEARLESSLY, THE PHANTOM FALCON DIVES AT
THE SQUADRON AND QUICKLY BLASTS A
JAP OUT OF THE SKY--!

SUDDENLY, A JAP SPOTS THE
FALCON'S SHIP, MANEUVERS
INTO POSITION AND FIRES AWAY!

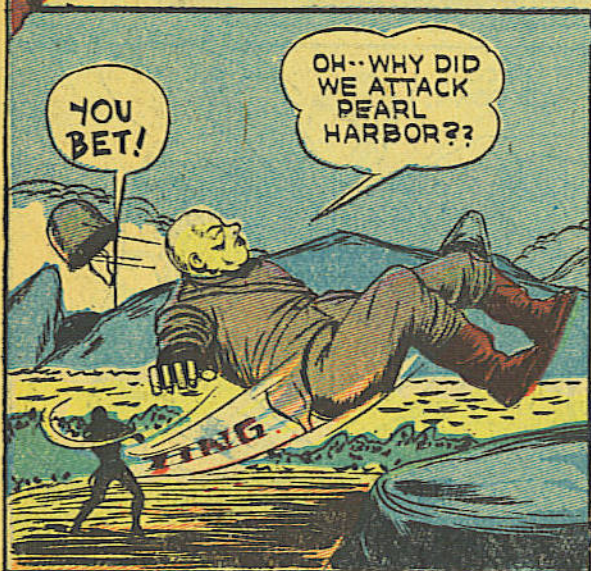
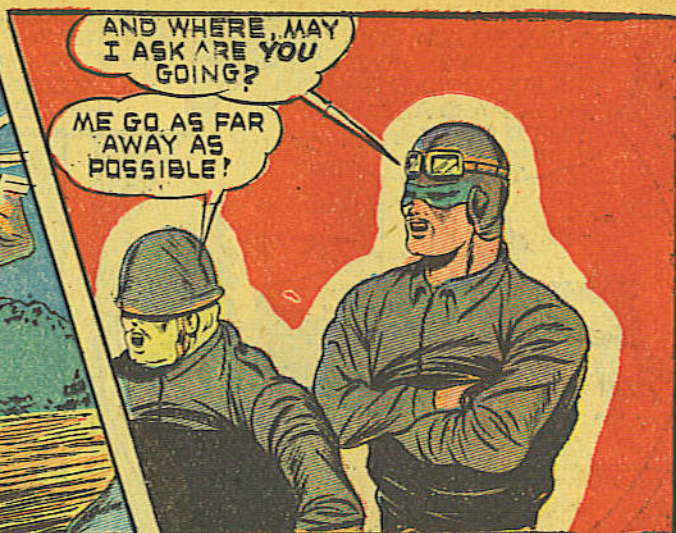
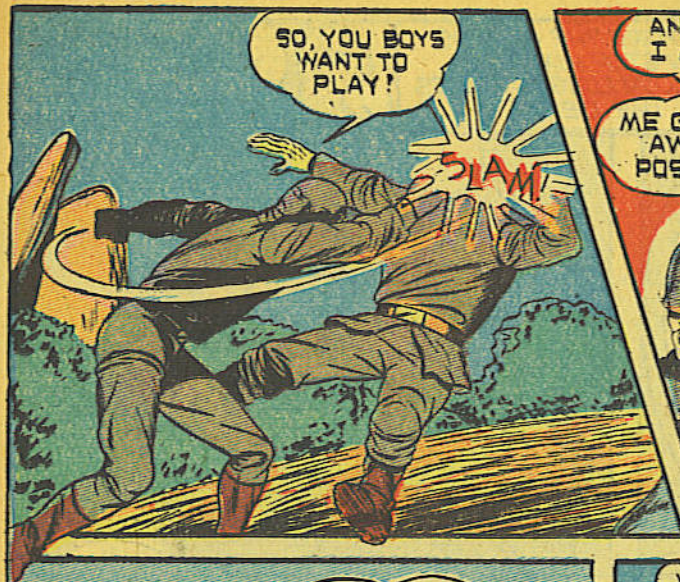
AS ANCESTORS SAY, THE
ONLY WAY TO BEAT A
GOOD MAN IS TO FIGHT
HIM DIRTY!

IMMEDIATELY, THE JAPS CHARGE
AT HIM!

IT'S THE PHANTOM
FALCON-- QUICK,
LET US GET
HIM!

WHAT
TH--!

ALTHOUGH HIS RUDDER IS BADLY DAMAGED,
THE PHANTOM FALCON MAKES A PERFECT
LANDING! BUT...



WELL, FALCON, YOU ARE HELPLESS--WE ARE FIXING YOUR FAMOUS AIRSHIP AND ARE USING IT FOR OUR OWN PURPOSE!

BEFORE THE GUARDS CAN STOP HIM, THE FALCON LUNGES ACROSS THE DESK!

HELP!

WHY YOU!

I'LL FIX YOU!

AMERICAN PIG?

SLAM!

THIS COOL YOU DOWN!

UGH!

BAM!

THAT INSOLENT DOG WILL PAY FOR THIS HUMILIATION--USE HIM FOR BAYONET PRACTICE!

YOU WILL BE USED AS A DUMMY, FALCON--- AND AFTER WE FINISH YOU, I HAVE 20,000 MEN READY TO MARCH AGAINST THE ALLIES!

HONORABLE COMMANDER,
I WISH TO REPORT THAT
THE MUNITIONS SHED IS
FILLED AND WE ARE ALL
READY TO LEAVE!

GOOD--AS SOON AS
I FINISH A LITTLE
MATTER HERE!

START THE
TORTURE!

HA!
HA!

--AND AS ONE JAP MISSES
THE FALCON, HE CUTS THE
ROPE THAT BIND HIM!

AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE JAPS THRUST THEIR
BAYONETS INTO THE PHANTOM FALCON--!

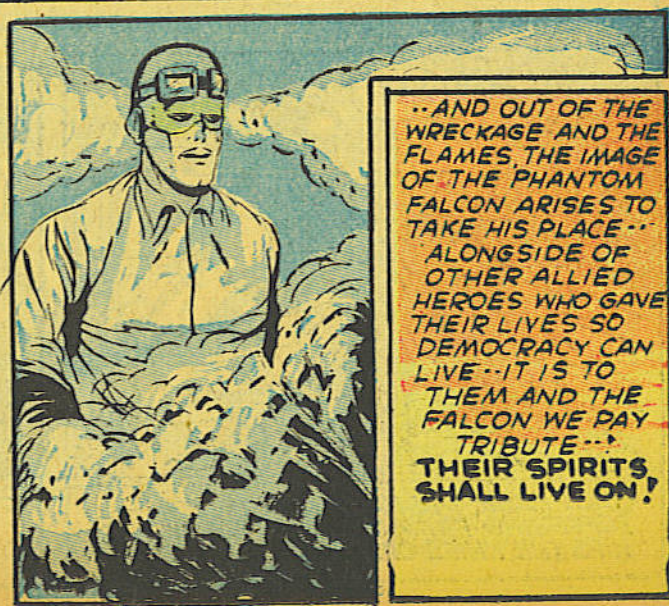
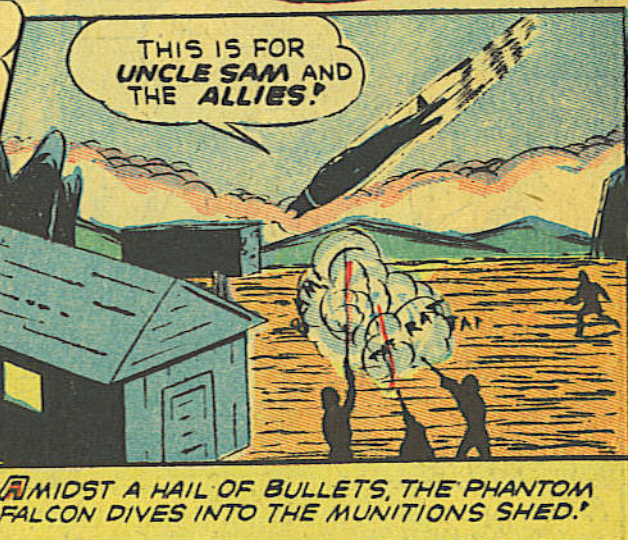
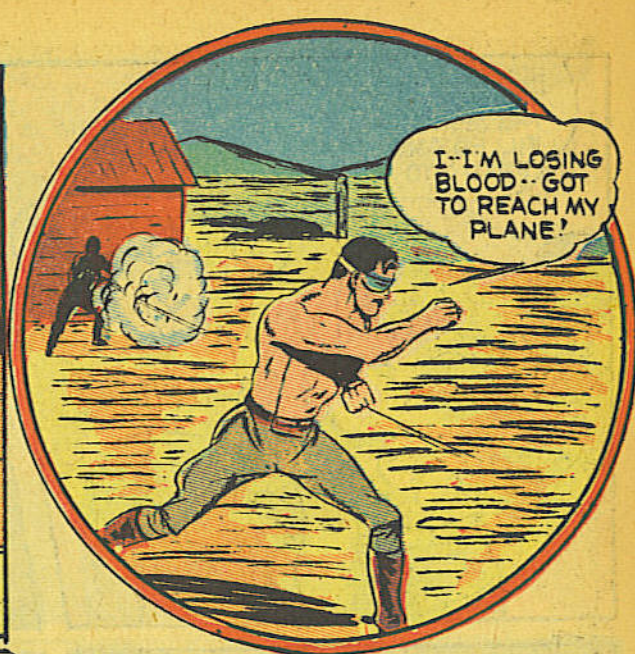
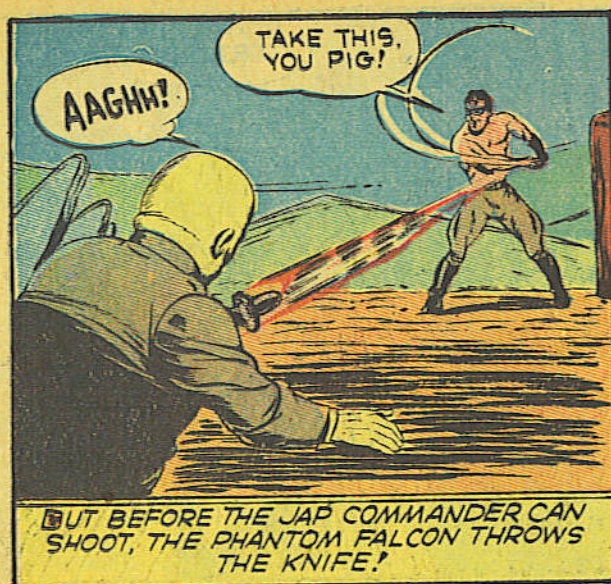
SNAP!

AIEE!

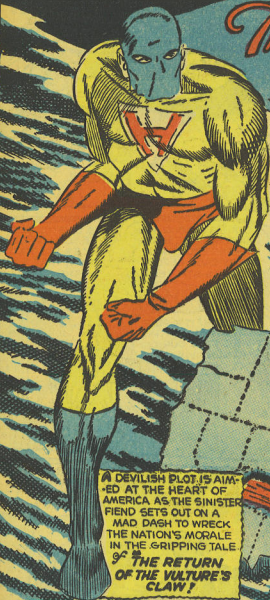
YOU DOG,
ME KILL
YOU!

ONCE FREE, THE FALCON, ALTHOUGH
SUFFERING FROM THE LOSS OF BLOOD,
RIPS THE KNIFE OFF A JAP'S GUN!

--AND GIVES HIM A SWIFT KICK
INTO ANOTHER JAP!!



The Hood



A DEVILISH PLOT IS AIM-
ED AT THE HEART OF
AMERICA AS THE SINISTER
FIEND SETS OUT ON A
MAD DASH TO WRECK
THE NATION'S MORALE
IN THE GRIPPING TALE
OF **THE RETURN
OF THE VULTURE'S
CLAW!**



MANDEL
AND
BARRY

AN
AMERICAN
MILITARY
COURT
DECIDES
THE FATE
OF BARON
VON TUG.
ALIAS
THE
VULTURE'S
CLAW!

AND FOR ALL OF
THE DEATHS YOU HAVE
CAUSED, YOU ARE SEN-
TENCED TO THE FIRING
SQUAD!

A MERE LEATHER
CASE -- AHH-- THAT
NAIL IS STICKING
OUT THERE --!

AT LAST--
I WILL BE
GREAT
AGAIN!

BACK OR
I'LL DRILL
YA'!

THE VULTURE'S CLAW IS LED OUT

BUT WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, THE STEEL POINTED TALONS SLASH AT THE GUARDS??



FOOLS! TO THINK YOU COULD STOP ME!

AAGHH
R-R-RID

THE GUARDS' FIRE IS FUTILE AS THE VULTURE'S CLAW DODGES THE FLYING LEAD WITH THE DEFTNESS OF A BIRD!



HA! OVER THESE PRISON WALLS I FLY!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

LATER AT THE LOCAL F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS--!

WE'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT THE VULTURE'S CLAW HAS ESCAPED!



I'LL GET HIM CHIEF, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

CRAIG'S A GOOD MAN, CHIEF, BUT THE HOOD MANAGES TO CRACK EVERY CASE BEFORE HE GETS STARTED!

I'D LIKE TO SEE THE LOOK ON THEIR FACES IF I TOLD THEM THAT I AM THE HOOD!

HOOD, BAH! IT'S PURE LUCK WITH HIM--THIS TIME I FEEL OUR DEPARTMENT WILL DO IT!

SOMETIME LATER, IN A NATIONALLY FAMED DEFENSE PLANT--EAGER WORKERS GATHER IN THE LECTURE HALL!



...AND NOW YOU WILL SEE WHAT THE PLANES YOU MEN BUILD ARE DOING TO THE AXIS!



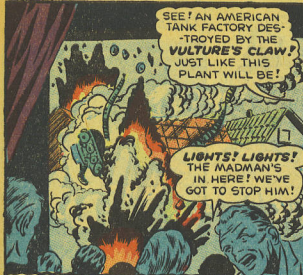
THIS BOMBER MADE BY YOU MEN, BLAST-ED A NAZI BATTLE-SHIP--AND NOW--

BUT SUDDENLY, THE REEL CHANGES, AND A HARSH VOICE BELLOW--!



WE SHALL SEE WHAT THE VULTURE'S CLAW

DOES TO THOSE WHO PRODUCE ARMS TO FIGHT THE AXIS!



SEE! AN AMERICAN
TANK FACTORY DES-
-TROYED BY THE
VULTURE'S CLAW!
JUST LIKE THIS
PLANT WILL BE!

LIGHTS! LIGHTS!
THE MADMAN'S
IN HERE! WE'VE
GOT TO STOP HIM!



SEARCH
EVERY
CORNER!

TOO LATE--THE
VULTURE'S CLAW
STRIKES!

**SUDDENLY, A DEAFENING ROAR
ROCKS THE COUNTRYSIDE!**



**WHEN THE NEWS BREAKS, CRAIG WILLIAMS AND HIS CHIEF
HURRY TO THE SCENE OF DISASTER--!**



THAT'S THE THIRD PLANT
HE'S WRECKED--WITH EVERY
PLANT SHOWING PICTURES
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL
WHERE HE'LL STRIKE NEXT!

I GUESS THEY'LL HAVE
TO STOP SHOWING
FILMS AT DEFENSE
FACTORIES!

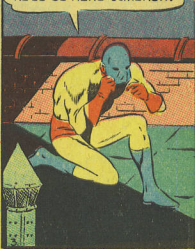
THAT WON'T DO IT CHIEF--WE
MUST TRAP HIM BY SHOWING
FILMS?--WE'LL ALLOW ONLY
ONE PLANT AT A TIME TO
SHOW PICTURES--AND KEEP
A HEAVY GUARD TO CRACK
DOWN ON THE CLAW!

IT MIGHT WORK!
WE'LL TRY IT ON
THE YAKO PLANT!



**A FEW NIGHTS LATER, AS THE
WORKERS GATHER IN THE MOVIE
HALL OF THE YAKO MUNITIONS
PLANT, CRAIG WILLIAMS COMES
AS THE HOOD!**

IF I KNOW THE BRAZEN CLAW,
HE'LL BE HERE SOMEHOW!



DISPLAYING A SUDDEN SURGE OF STRENGTH UN-BELIEVABLE IN A MAN SO OLD, THE WILY DOCTOR, HURLS HIS CAPTORS FROM HIM --!

TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF ME!



STAY WHERE YOU ARE, DOC, OR I'LL SHOOT!

PUT DOWN THAT GUN!



THE OLD DOCTOR'S EYES GLARE HYPNOTICALLY AT THE COWERING THUG!

DID YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID-- DROP THAT GUN!



AH, THAT'S BETTER-- NOW I SEE WE BEGIN TO UNDER- STAND EACH OTHER -- SIT DOWN, ALL OF YOU!



YOU KNOW GENTLEMEN, YOUR PRESENCE HERE HAS SORT OF GIVEN ME AN IDEA--YES, A MARVEL- OUS IDEA, BUT FIRST I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU FOUND OUT THAT IT WAS I WHO DONE AWAY WITH BANKER RICHER?



MEANWHILE, THE CHIEF OF POLICE AT CENTRE TOWN HAS AN UNUSUAL VISITOR--

AND IN MY CAPACITY AS A SPECIAL IN- VESTIGATOR, I'M SURE I CAN CRACK THIS CASE FOR YOU IN VERY SHORT ORDER!

OKAY, LIEUT. MERRY- WETHER, BUT I WARN YOU, IT'S A TOUGH ONE-- THIS NOTE IS THE ONLY CLUE-- THE DOUGH IS GONE, AND NO MARKS OF VIOLENCE ON THE VICTIM!



MEANWHILE, ALONGSIDE THE
OUTER WALL OF THE FACTORY--?

THE ENTRANCE TO
THE ASSEMBLY'S
HALL'S THAT WAY,
BUD!

THANKS,
BUT---

I PREFER THE CELLAR
WINDOW WHERE
IT'S LESS
CROWDED!

BOP

NEARBY, THE HOOD HEARS A
CRY OF DISTRESS!

IT'S A FACTORY
GUARD--HE'S
HURT!



PROBABLY THE WORK
OF THE VULTURE'S
CLAW!-- LET'S SEE
IF HE HAS ANY MARKS
ON HIM!

HE'S BEEN BEATEN BY SOMETHING HEAVY!
THE CLAW MUST HAVE CHANGED HIS TACTICS--
THAT WINDOW---IT LEADS INTO THE BOMB
STORAGE ROOM--AND IT'S OPENED!

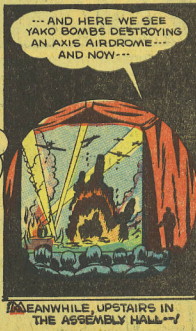


THE
HOOD!

YEAH, SNOOKY,
AND COMING
YOUR WAY!

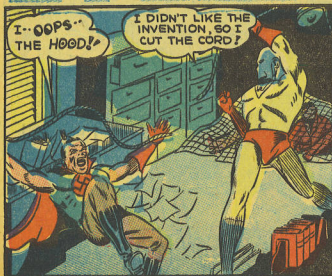


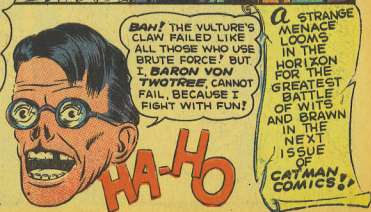
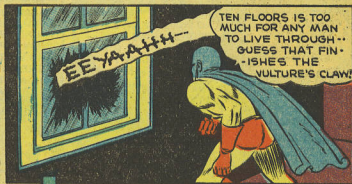
THAT'S FOR SLUGGING
THE GUARD---AND
NOW I'M GOING TO
FIND OUT WHAT
YOU'RE UP TO!



ONCE AGAIN, THE FILM CHANGES
AND THE HARSH VOICE BELLOWES
OUT --









KAIN

Cobber

40 OFFICIAL VICTORIES!

"GOBBER" KAIN, ONE OF THE GREATEST ACES OF WORLD WAR II, WAS NOT AN ENGLISH MAN AT ALL, BUT A NEW ZEALANDER... "COBBER" EDGAR J. KAIN... HE DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF BY ATTACKING AGAINST TERRIFIC ODDS...

HE AND HIS BAND OF PILOTS BAGGED TWENTY PLANES EACH, ACCOUNTING FOR ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ENEMY SHIPS IN THREE MONTHS... HE WAS KILLED WHEN HIS BADLY CRIPPLED SPITFIRE WENT OUT OF CONTROL OVER HIS OWN FIELD!

OLIVER ASHFORD

PANCHO VILLA'S

YANKEE CAPTAIN



THE AUTHOR OF THIS STORY AWAITED DEATH WHEN OUTLAW'S RIFLES BELCHED THEIR LEADEN MESSAGES AND THUDDED INTO UNFORTUNATE MEXICANS BEFORE THE FIRING SQUAD! HERE IS A TRUE STORY ABOUT THE MOST NOTORIOUS BANDIT IN MEXICAN HISTORY.. **PANCHO VILLA!**

1915...AT EIGHTEEN,THE BURNING DESIRE TO SEE WAR FOUND F.C.FACKLER IN CHIHUAHUA,MEXICO--LANDING THERE IN AN EMPTY BOX CAR,HE FOUND HIMSELF CONFRONTED BY A BAND OF VILLISTAS--!

A GRINGO?
SIEZE HIM!

SI, MUY
CAPITAN!

YOU COME
WEETH US,
PRONTO?

Y-YES
SIR!

PANCHO VILLA WILL
BE HAPPY TO TAKE
CARE OF YOU!

'I WAS BADLY FRIGHTENED AS
THEY PRODDED ME ALONG WITH
THEIR RIFLES--'



"A MOMENT LATER, THE BANDIT CHIEF STEPPED THROUGH THE DOORWAY"



BUENO DIAS COMPADRES!

I--I WANT TO JOIN YOUR ARMY!



WHERE YOU COME FROM, GRINGO?

HA HA HA

I WANT FIGHTING MEN NOT KEEDS-- BETTER GO HOME TO YOUR MADRE!



I'M STAYIN' HERE!

HA, HA, HA, ALL RIGHT-- YOU ARE MY SOLDIER-- NOW, ME PANTCHO VILLA-- I TREAT YOU RIGHT-- YOU TREAT ME RIGHT, IF NOT---



I UNDER-
-STAND!

YOU SABB?

HERE IS A SOMBRERO, A RIFLE, AND NINETY ROUNDS OF AMMUNITION-- YOU WEEL RIDE WEETH MY AMER-
-ICAN COMPANEROS, McELROY AND NELSON!

T-THANKS!



THEES EES OUR NEW COMPADRE--HEE'S NAME EES FACKLER!

GLAD TO KNOW YOU YANKEE-- WE'RE WELL EQUIPPED--HORSES, ANYTHING YOU NEED-- BETTER TURN IN AND GET SOME REST-- WE'LL BE MOVING OUT SOON!

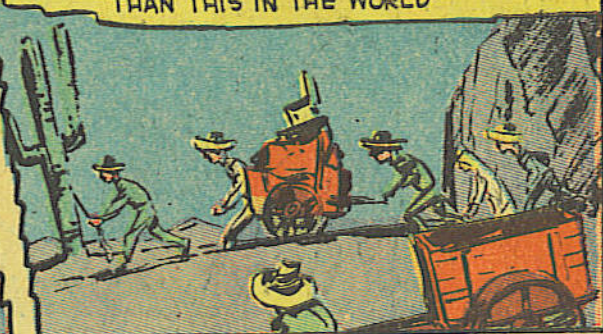
GOOD!



NEXT MORNING, AN ADVANCE GUARD COMPOSED OF McELROY, NELSON AND MYSELF AND TWO THOUSAND YAQUI INDIANS PUSHED WELL AHEAD.



ON THE REAR, THE MAIN ARMY OF VILLISTAS WITH THEIR FAMILIES AND POSSESSIONS MARCHED TO WAR--THERE WASN'T A STRANGER ARMY THAN THIS IN THE WORLD.



WHERE ARE WE BOUND FOR?

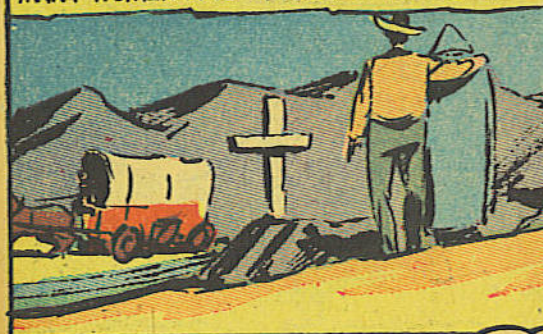
DON'T KNOW EXACTLY--WE'RE GONNA TAKE ONE OF THE TOWNS OCCUPIED BY THE ENEMY GENERAL--CARRANZA OR MAYBE AGUA PRIETA!



AT LENGTH, WE REACHED THE DESERT AND STARTED TO CROSS ONE OF THE MOST HOSTILE AND UN-CIVILIZED PARTS OF MEXICO--



THE CRUEL, MERCILESS DESERT CAUSED MANY WOMEN AND CHILDREN TO PERISH--



DO NOT DESPAIR COMPANEROS--WE ARE NEARLY THERE!

THESE PEOPLE MUST HAVE AN UNDYING FAITH IN VILLA!

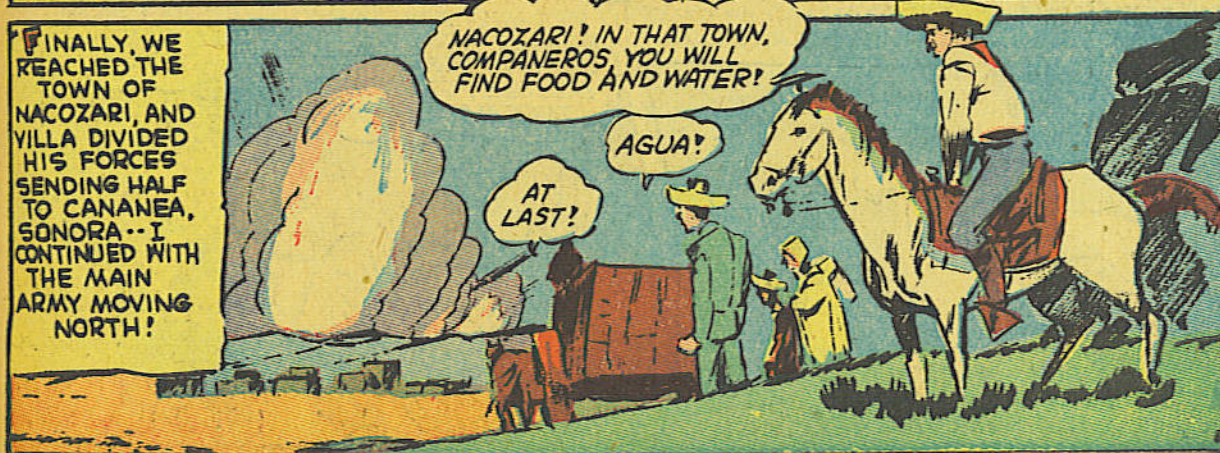


FINALLY, WE REACHED THE TOWN OF NACOZARI, AND VILLA DIVIDED HIS FORCES SENDING HALF TO CANANEA, SONORA--I CONTINUED WITH THE MAIN ARMY MOVING NORTH!

NACOZARI! IN THAT TOWN, COMPANEROS, YOU WILL FIND FOOD AND WATER!

AGUA!

AT LAST!



ONE MORNING, NELSON AND MYSELF WITH FOUR YAUQUIS WERE BRINGING A HERD OF TWO HUNDRED FAT STEERS TO OUR CAMP!"



BOY, I CAN'T WAIT TO SINK MY TEETH IN A BIG, JUICY STEAK!

AFTER RUSTLING THESE STEERS, WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT FOOD FOR A LONG TIME!

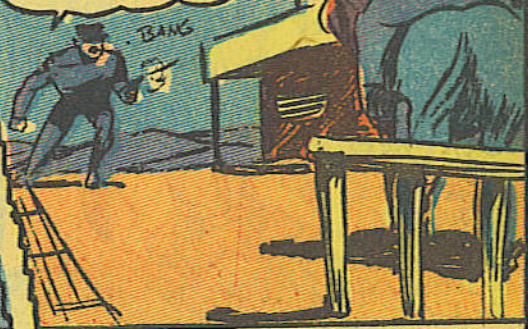
"A MEXICAN MAJOR RUSHED TOWARD US AND DEMANDED THAT WE GIVE UP THE STEERS--- CARRUSTA, OUR YAUQUI CAPTAIN, REFUSED--"



HALT! BRING THOSE CATTLE HERE TO THE COMMISSARY!

NO! THIS MEAT IS OURS--GET YOUR OWN!

THIS WILL TEACH YOU TO OBEY!



YOU DIRTY RAT-- SHOOT DOWN A DEFENSELESS MAN, WILL YOU?



"PANDEMONIUM BROKE LOOSE AS THE MEXICANS FIRED, SHOOTING MY HORSE FROM UNDER ME--"



"AS IF BY MAGIC, HUNDREDS OF YAUQUIS CAME TO OUR ASSISTANCE AND THE MEXICANS RAN--"



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES-- THE INDIAN DEVILS WILL SLAUGHTER US!

HE'S HURT PRETTY BAD, FACKLER--YOU'RE GONNA GET INTO PLENTY OF TROUBLE FOR HITTING THAT MAJOR!

I HAD TO DO SOMETHING!





I WANT THE GRINGO-- HE NEAR-
-LY KILLED OUR SUPPLY MAJOR
AND HE MUST PAY!

NO-- YOU ARE
RESPONSIBLE FOR
SHOOTING CARRUSTA--
WE WILL GO TO THE
COLONEL!

ABSOLUTELY NOT!
HASN'T THERE
BEEN ENOUGH
TROUBLE ALREADY



IN THE MEXICAN COLONEL'S OFFICE--!

YOUR MAJOR SHOOT
OUR CAPTAIN-- YOU
TURN HIM OVER
TO US!



ALLRIGHT, WE
DECLARE WAR--
COME!

YOU FOOLS-- YOU
CAN'T GET AWAY
WITH THIS!



"BARRICADES WERE QUICKLY THROWN UP
AS THE YAQUIS AND MEXICANS PREPARED
FOR BATTLE--"

HOLD YOUR FIRE--
SEND FOR VILLA!

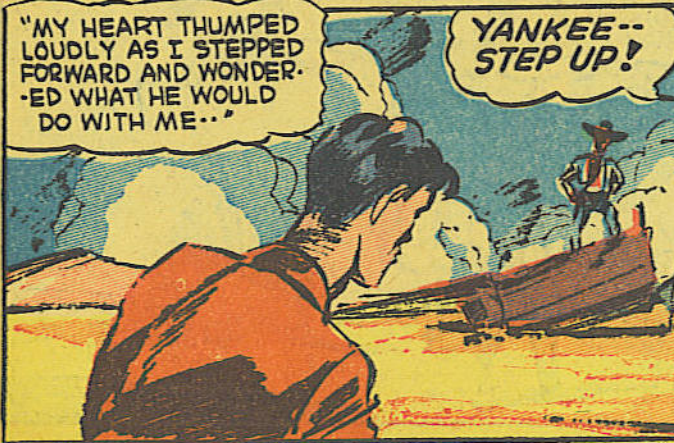


"AFTER RIDING ALL NIGHT VILLA FINALLY
ARRIVED AT CAMP--"

WHAT EES THE
TROUBLE-- LAY
DOWN YOUR GUNS!



WHAT EES THEES-- I TURN MY
BACK AND YOU FIGHT LIKE A
BUNCH OF BABEES-- DON'T
YOU KNOW THEES
EES WAR?



"MY HEART THUMPED
LOUDLY AS I STEPPED
FORWARD AND WONDER-
-ED WHAT HE WOULD
DO WITH ME--"

YANKEE--
STEP UP!



DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN
TO HEET ONE OF MY OFFICERS--
I KEEL FOR LESS THAN THAT?

I'D HIT THE DEVIL HIMSELF
IF HE TRIED TO KILL MY
CAPTAIN!

YANKEE YOU ARE
AN HOMÈRE AFTER
MY OWN FASHION--
I LIKE YOU-- YOU
SHOULD HAVE
KEELED HEEM!



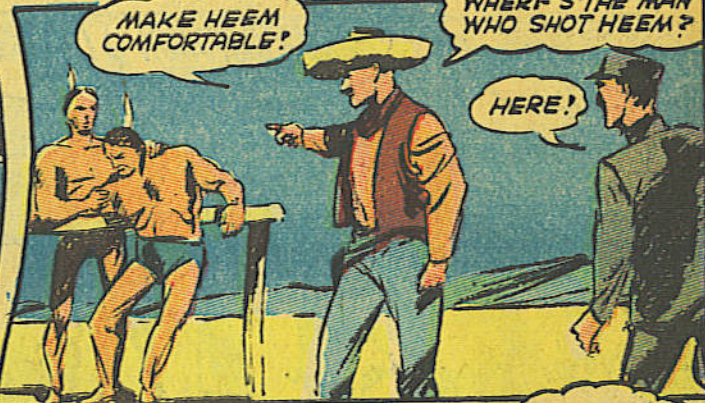
BREENG THE WOUNDED
MAN HERE AND THE
MAJOR WHO SHOT
HEEM?



MAKE HEEM
COMFORTABLE?

WHERE'S THE MAN
WHO SHOT HEEM?

HERE!



HERE--AND WASTE
NO SHELLS!

NO, NO, MY GENERAL,
HAVE MERCY!



AAGHH

BANG

DIE YOU
PEEG!



YOU KEEP THESE GUN,
YANKEE, FROM NOW ON
YOU'RE A CAPTAIN!

GRACIAS,
GENERAL!



"FINALLY, WE REACHED AGUA PRIETA, THE HEAD-
-QUARTERS OF CARRANZA--"

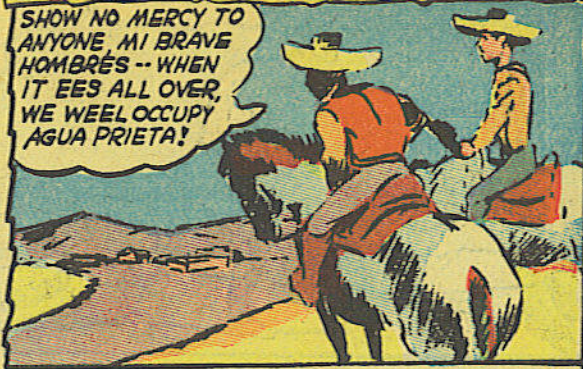
RISE AHEAD AND TELL
CARRANZA WE'LL
ATTACK AT DAY-
-LIGHT ON NOV. 2--

SI, SI--
GENERAL!



"ON THE MORNING OF NOVEMBER SECOND, WE
PREPARED TO ATTACK--"

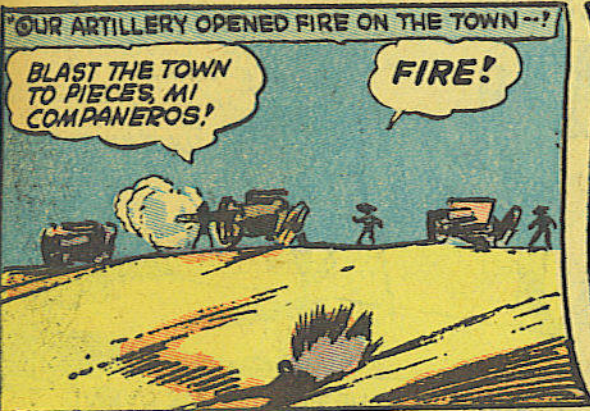
SHOW NO MERCY TO
ANYONE, MI BRAVE
HOMBRES-- WHEN
IT EES ALL OVER,
WE WEEEL OCCUPY
AGUA PRIETA!



"OUR ARTILLERY OPENED FIRE ON THE TOWN--"

BLAST THE TOWN
TO PIECES, MI
COMPAÑEROS!

FIRE!



WHEN ARE WE GO-
-ING TO CHARGE?

AS SOON AS THE ORDER
COMES THROUGH--TAKE
IT EASY, KID!



CHARGE

VIVA VILLA

VIVA
PANCHITO
VILLA

WATCH OUT KID, SHE WON'T BE BAD UNTIL
WE GET CLOSE IN--WE'LL CLEAN OUT THE
FIRST HOUSE WE COME TO AND
HOLD IT, SEE?



"THE CHARGE
STOPPED SUDDENLY--
CARRANZA'S GUNS
HAD FOUND THE
RANGE--A BULLET
IMBEDDED ITSELF
IN MY HORSE'S
NECK AND AN-
-OTHER HIT ME
IN THE KNEE!"

OH--MY
LEG!

HEEEEEE



I WOULD HAVE TO GET WOUNDED
JUST WHEN THE FIGHTING STARTED--
WONDER WHERE McELROY AND VILLA
ARE?



"THE CRUEL SUN BLAZED DOWN UNMERCIFULLY,
AND I HAD NO CHANCE TO GET AWAY BEFORE
DARK--"

OUCH--
THIS
HURTS!



"AFTER A TIME, THE EARTH SHOOK AS
VILLA'S CAVALRY WHEELED AND RETREATED--"

"BY NIGHTFALL, VILLA HAD BEEN THOROUGHLY
DEFEATED--I LIMPED AWAY FROM THE BATTLE--
FIELD AND HEADED FOR THE BORDER--"

CARAMBA!
LET US GET
OUT OF HERE!



IF I CAN ONLY AVOID
CARRANZA'S CUT-
THROATS, I'LL NEVER
LEAVE THE
UNITED STATES
AGAIN!



"HOURS LATER, I ARRIVED AT A WOOD GATHERER'S
CAMP ACROSS THE RIVER FROM BISBEE, ARIZONA--"

"THAT NIGHT, HE FERRIED ME OVER
THE RIVER--"

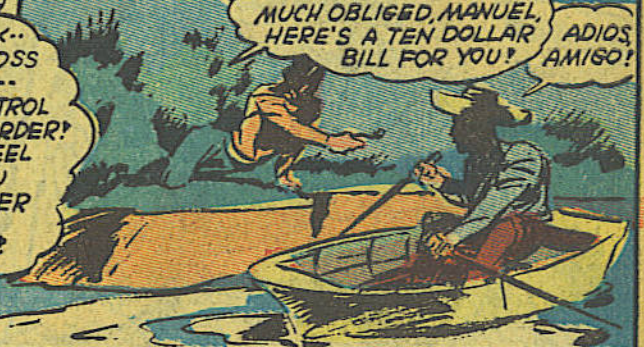
T-THANKS!

HERE EES DRINK--
YOU CANNOT CROSS
XE RIO NOW--
AMERICAN PATROL
GUARD XE BORDER!
TO-NIGHT I WEE
SMUGGLE YOU
ACROSS UNDER
A LOAD OF
MESQUITE!



MUCH OBLIGED, MANUEL,
HERE'S A TEN DOLLAR
BILL FOR YOU!

ADIOS,
AMIGO!



AFTER MUCH
NEEDED MEDICAL
ATTENTION, I
MADE ALL
HASTE TO
IOWA AND THE
LITTLE ONE
HORSE TOWN
I HAD
DESERTED
MONTHS
BEFORE!



Ride the Sky Trails of Adventure! Daring and Mystery



with Captain **AERO**

AMERICA'S MASTER PILOT!

THRILL TO THE DARING EXPLOITS OF
THE OTHER AMAZING CHARACTERS IN
THIS ALL STAR COMIC MAGAZINE!!

IT'S A
WINNER!



CAPTAIN **AERO** Comics **10** AT ALL NEWS STANDS